THE LIVING AGE

MONTHLY EDITION

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1925

Europeans, Get Together!

BY

JOSEPH CAILLAUX

Hoch von Hindenburg!

Two of a Kind

BY

RAMSAY MACDONALD

The Songs They Sang in Grandpa's Day

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N. H.

Editorial Office: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N. H.
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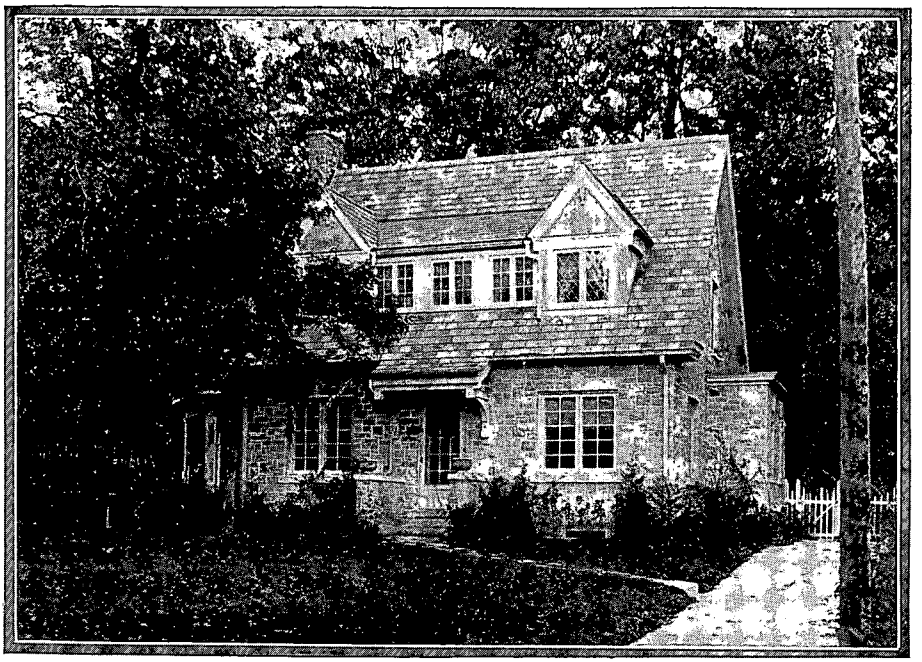

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JULY EVENTS ABROAD

BELGIUM

Brussels. International Electric Exhibition (during July); Pageant of the Giants (July 13); National Holiday (July 21).

Furnes. Pageant of the Penitents (July 5).

Ostend. Racing season, commercial fair, and colonial exhibition (July–August).

FRANCE

Paris. Decorative Arts Exhibition (April–October); Exhibition of Modern Artists (Galerie Visconti, July 1–15); Salon, Second Series, (July 1–September 1); Bastille Day (July 14).

Brest. Breton Pardon (July 12).

Camaret. Benediction of the Sea at various dates (July–September).

Faouet. Pardon in the Chapel St. Fiacre (July 26).

Foesnant. Pardon at which the communicants arrive in boats (July 26–August 2).

Gérardmer. Tourist Week (June 25–July 5).

Guingamp. Pardon of Notre-Dame de Bon-Secours (July 4).

Île de Croix. Benediction of the Sea (July 24).

Locronan. Pardon (July 12).

Moncontour. Breton Pardon and torchlight procession (July 1).

Plougastel-Daoulas. Fire Pardon (July 5).

Pont-l'Abbé. Breton Pardon, rustic fair, and peasant dances (July 19).

Roscoff. Pardon of Ste.-Barbe (July 19).

Ste.-Anne d'Auray. Great Pardon of Ste. Anne, patron saint of Brittany (July 25).

Spezet. Breton Pardon (July 7).

Races. Prix Président de la République, St. Cloud (during July); Grand Prix, Vichy (July–August 10).

GERMANY

Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle). Millennial Anniversary Exhibition (May–July).

Bayreuth. Festival (July 22–August 30).

Dresden. Industrial Exhibition (June–September); Singing Festival (July 12–22).

Innsbruck. Fine Arts Exhibition (July–August).

Kiel. Sailing Regatta (July 4–12).

Mainz. German Rose Show (during July).

Munich. Traffic Exhibition (June–October).

Races. Automobile races, Baden-Baden (during July); Karlsbad Races (July 1–30).

GREAT BRITAIN

London. British Empire Exhibition (May–October); Exhibition of Austrian Arts and Industry (May–October); International Congress of Radiology (June 30); Tennis Championships, Hurlingham (July 6); Toy and Fancy Goods Fair (Agricultural Hall, July 20); Queens Club Tennis Championship (July 27–30); International Deep Sea Fishing Exhibition (Agricultural Hall, July–August).

Cambridge. Liberal Summer School (July 29–August 5), lecturers to include Francesco Nitti.

Edinburgh. Health Exhibition (July 20–25); World Federation of Education Associations (July 20–28).

Races. Eclipse Stakes, Sandown Park (July 17); Liverpool Cup (July 24); Stewards Cup (Goodwood, July 28); Goodwood Cup (July 30).

HOLLAND

Amsterdam. Celebration of the city's 650th anniversary (July 15–September 15).

ITALY

Abbazia. Centenary of the Stelvio Pass.

Levico. National Tennis Tournament, swimming-races on Lake Vigolo (during July).

Palermo. Feast of St. Rosalie. Night procession to St. Pellegrino Mountain (during July).

Scanno. Festival of Our Lady of the Graces.

Siena. Historic Pallio, display of mediæval costumes and traditions, knightly jousts between representatives of the city wards (during July); Festival of the Redeemer (during July).

Venice. Marine masquerade; fêtes, swimming-races, flower shows (during July).

Races. Abbazia; Grand Prix, Milan (500,000 lire); Italian St. Leger Races, Monza (50,000 lire); Venice (during July).

JAPAN

Mt. Fuji. Climbing season opens July 10 and continues to September 3 or 10.

Tokyo. Formal Jujutsu practice (July 15–August 13); State Ceremony of Meiji Tenno Sai, commemorating Emperor Meiji's death (July 31).

YUGOSLAVIA

Belgrade. Coronation of King Alexander the First as King of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes; Panslav Olympic Games; Yugoslav Exhibition (during the summer, at dates not set).

Laibach. International Fair.

SWEDEN

Langerdrag. International Regatta (July 15–19).

Stockholm. Sandhamms Regatta (July–August); Grand Encampment, Independent Order of Odd Fellows (July).

Visby (Island of Gothland). Seven-hundredth anniversary of Cathedral. King and Queen to attend celebration (July 27).

SWITZERLAND

Geneva. Sailing Regatta Week; International Steeplechase (July 14).

Lausanne. Opening of Colonial and Foreign Products Fair (July 2).

Lucerne. Venetian Night on Lake Lucerne (July 4).

Races. International Horse Races (July 5–12); International Motor Races (July 26), Lucerne.

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By RUSTICUS

SOMEWHERE in his book this engaging "Rusticus" describes himself as an "impecunious rural sentimentalist." It is a happy appellation; one whose relevancy grows upon one as one reads, and it at once places him in distinguished company, where he should be. Horace is of his company, and Henry Ryecroft.

For the sake of convenience, rather than in response to any imperative necessity, the volume is divided into six chapters, in each of which the author invokes a blessing upon one of the appendages of his rural retreat: the dog, the pig, the hen, the cow, the horse and finally, the garden. After which, in the most engaging manner in the world, this monarch of broad although not very numerous acres, whose rule is kindly absolute and completely unquestioned, philosophizes upon each. No excerpt could begin to convey a conception of the glories of this little book.—*Boston Transcript.*

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TO Clifford M. Sublette, of Denver, Colorado, has been awarded the 1925 honor cross of the Huguenot Society of Pennsylvania. Others who have received the cross of the Huguenot Society are General Pershing, Herbert Hoover, and John Wanamaker. The entire list is less than twenty. Mr. Sublette has been awarded the cross for meritorious work on his novel, THE SCARLET COCKEREL, which won the $2000 prize offered by the Atlantic Monthly Press in memory of Charles Boardman Hawes for the best adventure tale of the same general excellence as his splendid stories, *The Mutineers*, *The Great Quest*, and *The Dark Frigate*.

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

It is not every magazine that can boast — not that the *Living Age* would do such a thing — of having in a single issue articles by two former prime ministers, both of whom became so unpopular during the war that all hopes of future careers seemed ended, both of whom have been execrated as pacifists, indeed little better than traitors, and both of whom have eventually been restored to political honors and high office. ¶In his war-time trial **M. Joseph Caillaux** was sentenced to three years' confinement — among other penalties. It is no new thing for the *Living Age* to number political prisoners among its writers (few magazines can boast so choice an array of contributors with penal pasts, ranging from plain Siberian exile to more recherché jails far up the Yangtze and in other odd corners of the globe); nor are prime ministers a novelty to our fortunate readers. It is rather the combination of prisoner and prime minister that is unusual.

Mr. MacDonald, while he dwelt in Downing Street, openly scoffed at proposals to 'provide' for ex-prime ministers on their leaving office, and announced that he would go back to his old craft as a journalist and earn his own living, thank you. In this article we behold him in the very act.

René de Planhol is one of those adventurous travelers who choose as the scene of their wanderings the places where bullets are thickest. ¶Like all Russians, **Ekaterina Kuskova** is a journalist. Unlike many self-styled journalists, however, she also writes. Holding moderate Socialist views, she contributes to *Dni*, the émigré organ in Berlin, and to *Volia Rossii*, the Kerenskii organ in Prague. Under the circumstances it is not hard to understand why, or to guess how, she left Russia some years ago. ¶In Carl Spitteler a group of European critics honors one of the most famous of recent Swiss writers. **Captain J. E. T. Philipps** was formerly Chief Political Officer for the Uganda Military Area. For convenience, a British 'political officer' may be defined as a pocket edition of the Foreign Office, personifying within a single human frame the twin virtues of wisdom and discretion.

Eminent Europeans visiting these benighted shores in order to bring light into our American darkness and take back a few vulgar dollars to the effulgent brilliance of their own enlightened Continent have long been wont to scoff at the inquisitiveness of the bright young men from Park Row who board the ship at Sandy Hook to inquire how they like America, whether girls should smoke, and what they think of the Volstead Act. That scoffing must now cease. For France too has an interviewer, or as our French friends for inscrutable reasons persist in spelling it, an *interwiewer*. This is **M. Frédéric Lefèvre,** who has of late been wandering about England buttonholing literary luminaries and getting them to talk about themselves. It is hard to get a public man to discuss himself, but as soon as he begins to tell you how modest he is, the trick is done. Let him alone; he 'll do the rest — as the writer of this column learned when he was slave to a bold bad city editor, once upon a time. To come back to M. Lefèvre, he occupies himself mainly with writing up literary folk, French and English, for the *Nouvelles Littéraires*. The writers have a glorious time, and M. Lefèvre is bearing up well under the strain.

Carl Clewing, a student of the minor antiquities, is one of those rare Germans who spell it with a 'C.' **J. Dryden** — so far as we know, not a relative of the mighty dead — is a modern British story-teller who sympathizes with the under dog.

A Russian lady to whom we read our translation of **Kurt Pinthus's** article on humor insisted that the author must be a German schoolmaster, because of the dismal opinion of schoolboy humor expressed in the article, but the authority of the *Deutscher Literatur-Kalender* is against her: Dr. Pinthus is a Berlin essayist and critic.

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ARE YOU A SPORT?

SPURRED by the success of its cross-word puzzle, the Living Age is making another bid to the sporting instincts of its readers. It is an appeal not only to the intelligence, but to the passions.

The scheme is to offer two prizes (the sums are of little significance, it is the glory that matters) of $15 and $10 for the two best letters of not more than three hundred words written to our editors about

HINDENBURG

It is a subject on which you surely have an opinion. Perhaps you think Hindy is a great man. Perhaps you think he is a great fool. Perhaps you think he is a great figurehead. At all events, the editors of the Living Age would like to hear what you have to say.

To the author of the best letter will go the princely sum of $15. The runner-up will have to be content with a mere $10. A number of honorable mentions will also be awarded —how many we cannot say, as that is up to you—and each one of them will receive the Living Age free for six months. The winning letters will be printed in our July 11 issue—also the names of the winners of honorable mentions. (There is fame for you.)

In writing your letter, it makes no difference which side, if any, you take. Simply remember that the limit is three hundred words, and that we must receive your letter by the 20th of June. The contest is open to anybody who is lucky enough to hear of it. You do not have to be a subscriber to the Living Age to compete. All you need is a two-cent stamp, pen, paper, and something to say.

EXTRA ATTRACTION! Announcement of the winners will be made over the radio from station WGY, Schenectady, Saturday evening, July 11.

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THE LIVING AGE

June 6, 1925

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THIS WEEK

BOTH Branting and Ebert, whose memory *Ramsay MacDonald* celebrates, were believers in Evolutionary Socialism. They stood out against the Bolsheviki with all the stubbornness of a Charles Evans Hughes, yet they would have both been La Follette sympathizers. And one suspects that Mr. MacDonald feels that they are brothers of his, under the skin. *Joseph Caillaux* would go even further. He believes in a United States of Europe that will ignore Russia, be ignored by America, and keep the Britishers in check by pointing Big Berthas at them and by maintaining a large fleet of airplanes that would be ready at any time to drop something more dangerous than copies of Wilson's Fourteen Points on the streets of London.

❦ ❦ ❦

Speaking of fighting, *René de Planhol* has been on the firing line lately himself. The reckless fellow visited Tetuán, sipped tea, admired the lovely uniforms on the Spanish soldiers, and had a chat with Primo de Rivera, who admits that he has won the greatest military victory since Austerlitz. He left the battlefield in complete possession of the Rifs, whom he has bottled up so tightly that their only food is bootleg doughnuts. Having penetrated thus far into the Dark Continent, we may as well go on in the company of *Captain J. E. T. Philipps* and investigate the Congolese cannibals. The Captain met an old chief who blushingly confessed to having eaten sixteen people. This practice, however, works both ways, as one of the local kings found out when he ordered his subjects to work on the roads. They did n't like his orders, so they butchered him and served him up the next day *en casserole*, smothered in mushrooms.

❦ ❦ ❦

When *Ekaterina Kuskova* heard that Tatiana Lvovna Tolstaia-Sukhotina would tell in person the inside story of Tolstoi's domestic troubles, there was nothing for the poor girl to do but go and drink in the scandal. Tatiana, the second of the thirteen little Tolstois, turned out to be just as simple as her father. 'Did we understand what father was saying?' she asks. 'No, we did not,' is the answer. If you are one of those who believe that it is always the woman who pays, read this article and let your heart bleed for the unfortunate Mrs. T.

❦ ❦ ❦

We have it on high authority that Carl Spitteler not only writes the best German since Goethe, but that he is the greatest Swiss littérateur (authors of hotel circulars not excepted) who ever lived. If you are like this department and have never heard of Spitteler until to-day, don't let that keep you away from the article. We were also somewhat fazed by the 'Songs of an Elder Day' until we came to one called 'Yes, you have made me happy.' It sounded familiar, and we referred it to a member of the elder generation, who greeted it with a cheer. So that's that.

❦ ❦ ❦

When you have finished *Mr. Dryden's* touching little story about the reformed criminal, or the Reg'lar Bad 'Un as he is called in the title, you will be in a perfect frame of mind for *Kurt Pinthus's* explanation of Why the World Laughs. The author contends that most of our laughter springs from intimate little happenings that only our immediate circle of exclusive friends would understand. For the entire world to join in a great bray of laughter, some enormously grotesque spectacle has to be presented, such as a circus, a Democratic convention, or a person who goes around pretending to be intelligent without reading the *Living Age*.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 325 — *JUNE 6, 1925* — NO. 4222

AROUND THE WORLD IN MAY

NOTHING is more symptomatic of the change that has come over the mood of Europe during the past five years than the calm that prevailed on the first of May, Labor's international holiday. Except in Japan, where minor disturbances occurred, that anniversary was observed without the usual exciting demonstrations. In Spain public gatherings and meetings were forbidden, and presumably they were effectively discouraged in Italy; France was preoccupied with the municipal elections two days later; Germany was recovering from the excitement of a presidential campaign; Belgium was hung up by a parliamentary crisis; and British Labor, sobered by political responsibility and unemployment, was not in a mood to indulge in merely decorative displays. In fact, getting back to what people fondly think of as the golden age of pre-war prosperity is so important just now that the workers seem willing to let Capital try its hand in that direction.

Mr. Churchill's budget, to be sure, is a new bone of contention. Liberals and Laborists, now that they have recovered from their preliminary bewilderment at its variegated and brilliantly propounded proposals, attacked particularly the restoration of the McKenna duties, which were originally levied during the war with the sole object of saving valuable cargo-space by limiting imports to indispensable goods, and are now reimposed for the specific purpose of protecting industry and increasing revenues. The tax of 33⅓ per cent on motor-cars never yielded over $10,000,000 or $12,000,000 a year in a budget where these figures are almost negligible, and the duties on imported films are not likely to encourage British producers, who when at their best supplied less than one quarter, and to-day furnish only three per cent, of the films exhibited in the British Isles. They cannot compete with the United States, because the United Kingdom has only 3500 cinemas as compared with 17,000 in our own country, and American producers, backed by their huge domestic market, can export at minimum prices.

An even more vulnerable point of attack is the new tax on imported silks, which seems to have been imposed by uncommercial politicians under the

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impression that silks are still the luxuries they were in the old days of sumptuary legislation. The Government apparently underestimated, though it did not entirely overlook, the tremendous importance that artificial silk has acquired in British industry, where imported rayon yarns are consumed in growing quantities by Lancashire cotton-weavers, who combine them with cotton yarns to produce a great variety of fabrics. This duty naturally caused irritation in France and Italy, which are large producers of both natural and artificial silk. An Italian paper speaks of 'the silent death-struggle between cotton and rayon,' in which it foresees the eventual victory of the latter.

The resumption of the gold standard seems to have created hardly a ripple in England's commercial life, so that the controversy that has raged over the subject seems rather unreal and academic. The *New Statesman*, which opposed the reform, explained the quietness with which it was accepted by alleging that the pound is pegged to the American dollar, and that 'the gold dollar is as much a managed currency as the paper pound — that is, the United States is on a gold basis only in appearance.' *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna greeted the change under the title 'An Anglo-Saxon Gold Bloc.' The *Liverpool Post* pointed out that the resumption of a gold standard and the return to fractional silver coinage have been hailed with popular approval and have hastened psychological recovery in every nation that has adopted them. The countries that have thus restored their currency are Austria, Germany, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Russia, Latvia, Lithuania, Finland, Sweden, Switzerland, Holland — and now Great Britain. It is significant that, except for neutral countries, these are principally defeated Powers. The victorious countries, notably France, Belgium, and Italy, still have unstabilized currencies.

Some predicted that the new budget would sow dissension in the British Government's ranks, but if we are to believe the Conservative *Saturday Review*, it is the Liberal Party that really exhibits the fissures: —

> Already we have been presented with three diverse views upon the budget from those two upper benches below the gangway where [Liberal] leaders accumulate while the Party decays. Mr. Runciman supports the return to the gold standard and is in favor of the insurance scheme, both of which incur the guttural condemnation of Sir Alfred Mond. Then comes Captain Guest with the announcement that he speaks for a section of his Party, equal in number to the Muses, whose unqualified approval of the budget and praise of the Government are so overwhelming that afterward the more restrained and sober support of the Government's genuine adherents sounds as frigid as the affection of Cordelia after the protestations of Goneril and Regan.

In France, whose 430,000 municipal councilors indirectly control the choice of senators, Paris prognosticators confidently expected that the Right would sweep the polls on May 3, and that this would induce the Upper House to exercise its constitutional privilege to dissolve the Chamber and order a general parliamentary election. But the outcome, to the surprise of Paris, whose opinions are often at utter variance with those of the rest of France, was in favor of the Left, which not only held its ground but made notable gains, especially in the larger cities. *L'Europe Nouvelle* explains this by the migration of country people into the industrial faubourgs. The only comfort that the Conservatives derived from this expression of the popular will was the fact that the Communists lost ground to the Moderate

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Socialists. They contested every one of the eighty seats in Paris, but carried only two outright, and topped the poll for four more, of which they gained one on the second ballot. In twenty-four cases their candidates stood at the bottom of the list. But this does not signify as much as is suggested on the surface, for Paris is gerrymandered to the limit. For instance, Gaillon, a wealthy *circonscripton*, is entitled to one municipal councilor, although it has only 4000 registered voters, while Clignancourt, which is a workingman's quarter with 120,000 voters, has only a single representative. The *Cartel des gauches* held its strength even in the great wine-growing districts that are likely to be hard hit by the new taxes, and won notable victories in Alsace Lorraine, where it met the opposition of Clericals and Autonomists. M. Herriot not only held his seat, but largely increased his vote at Lyon, and has been reëlected Mayor of that city by a unanimous vote of the Council.

The new Cabinet in France is fortunate in having six weeks' leisure to mature its policies while the Chamber is on vacation. The Clericals have been quieted, probably with assurances that France will keep an ambassador at the Vatican. Political gossips tell us that the Vatican, like Uncle Sam, exercises powerful pressure on the Ministry through its influence with bankers; and the Government needs money before all else. If so, Caillaux has certainly 'pussyfooted' most deftly.

In reply to questions addressed by Socialist Members of the Chamber, Caillaux stated that the unpaid taxes upon war profits still due the Treasury amount to about four billion francs. *Le Progrès Civique*, in calling attention to this, said: 'That is a large sum at any time, but is most important when the Treasury is in urgent need of money to pay its short-term bonds. In all probability these defaulting taxpayers include many men who have invested in those very bonds, and we witness the scandalous spectacle of scoundrels who owe the nation money loaning the Government at a high rate of interest the very funds of which they are defrauding it.'

Ambassador Houghton's speech at the Pilgrim Society dinner, cautioning Europe that America's financial aid might cease unless the discordant nations stop wrangling, had an odd reaction. All England received his remarks with enthusiasm; they were greeted with satisfaction in Berlin; but they were received with marked resentment in Paris. Even the *Outlook*, which abhors 'conventional platitudes and pious humbug about Anglo-American relations,' commended the Ambassador's address. Pertinax observed in *L'Écho de Paris* with obvious irritation that the German Ambassador was present at the dinner but the Ambassador of France was not invited, and surmised that after the company had dispersed the German Ambassador presumably telegraphed his Government: 'The speakers this evening confirm me in the opinion that we can go ahead with the revision of the Treaties without encountering serious opposition from the United States and England.' *Le Temps* complained that America made no distinction between aggressors and their victims; to which the *New Statesman* answers: 'The *Temps*, it appears, does not even yet understand that neither England nor America — nor any of the "neutral" countries — will ever recognize the distinction which it seeks to establish between countries which are by nature "nations of prey" and countries which are congenitally "victims."'

Feeling in Paris — we can speak less confidently of France — has undoubtedly hardened toward Germany since

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Hindenburg's election, and papers of all Parties show the effect. *Journal des Débats* attributed the Marshal's victory to 'a German brain storm,' and lamented that even Catholic Bavaria had given more votes to the idol of the Monarchists than to the Clerical candidate. Germany's Machiavellian hand is seen even in the Morocco fighting, where, the same journal observes, 'we do not know how many former German officers are aiding Abd-el-Krim with their advice, but we are sure that the General Staff in Berlin is watching keenly all that happens, and is eager to see us involved in a campaign that will entangle us inextricably. . . . General von Seeckt, M. Gessler, and the Wilhelmstrasse politicians will remember that it was the war in Mexico that enabled Prussia to win the victory of Sadowa.'

Italy, on the other hand, greeted Hindenburg's election with approval. *Giornale d'Italia*, Salandra's Opposition paper, believed it actually strengthened the Republic: 'The Hohenzollern monarchy has destroyed itself with its own hands. A coup d'état is to-day less possible than it was in France under Marshal MacMahon.' Senator Rastignac-Morello, who was anti-German during the war, wrote in *La Tribuna*, apparently upon higher inspiration: 'While France is rent with civil strife and wrangling with the same passion over the same questions as before the war, Germany has rallied under her old Field Marshal. Europe, which until yesterday resembled a ruined forum, has to-day a restored pillar in its midst, by which the eye can measure the extent of the surrounding devastation.' At Regensburg men and women cast their ballots in different ballot boxes at the election. Hindenburg received a majority in both, but his majority was twice as large in the women's box as in the men's box.

Mr. Beneš, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, recently spent a few very busy and successful days at Warsaw, where he concluded a commercial treaty, an arbitration treaty, and an accord for settling outstanding border controversies with Poland. But he did not commit Czechoslovakia to join Poland in a common policy toward either Russia or Germany. The most suggestive word that has come out of Russia of late is from the Moscow correspondent of the London *Statist*, who says the Soviet Government is ready to welcome a British mission to study opportunities for investing private capital in Russian trade. Such a mission will be invited to be the guest of the Government. He calls the suggestion 'epoch-making,' because it definitely commits Lenin's successors to the encouragement of private enterprise — a course upon which they set their backs after their leader's death. Dzerzhinskii, the former Cheka chief, now at the head of the Supreme Trading Soviet, recently declared: 'I am no friend of private capital in either wholesale or retail trade, but I must admit that it is impossible for the Soviet to take up private trade without the aid of private business men.' Kamenev recently wrote in the Bolshevist economic journal *Ekonomicheskaia Zhizn:* 'Were I asked my opinion as to which was the more dangerous to the existence of the Soviet, such a trade void [as was produced last year by the suppression of a quarter of a million private enterprises] or a broadening of the field of private trade, I should say that the trade void was by far the greater danger.'

Constitutional rights are reported to have been restored in Spain. Among the new schemes of government under consideration there is a plan, said to be favored by the King, under which the country would have a new type of

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parliament, representing different economic groups instead of geographical divisions. In Italy the Fascisti have apparently recovered strength after their period of weakness early in the year, when their Liberal coadjutors deserted them. They owe their recovery to the fact that they are united under a single commander, while the Opposition is a coalition, including Socialists of all shades of red, Clericals, Liberals, Republicans, and other factions, who have no common programme outside of hostility to the existing government. In Italy, as in Spain, the censorship of the press and the gagging of free speech do not interest the masses, but only affect a small minority of intellectuals, teachers, and professional men. The Matteotti murder, while it temporarily threatened the whole Fascist régime, has resulted, according to an Italian contributor to *L'Europe Nouvelle*, in reforming the Government and the Party from within. Last of all, the opponents of Fascism have no inspiring leader with a fraction of the prestige of Mussolini.

South Africa appears to be having a good time receiving the Prince of Wales. The London *Outlook* hopes the newspapers 'will not overdo the enthusiasm which the Afrikanders are showing for the Prince's visit, or draw rash conclusions as to its particular effect,' and thinks they will like him personally but retain their political opinions, whatever these may be, unchanged. The bonds that hold the Empire together are made of stronger stuff than princely courtesies.

The latest newspapers from the Far East report 'every symptom of impending war in China, but war not generally expected.' Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian general, seems to have displaced Wu Pei-fu as the counterbalance to Chang Tso-lin, the Mukden dictator, but Wu is still a potential factor in the situation whose decision might turn the balance between the two contestants in the North if it came to a clash. Chang Tso-lin has suffered from the defection of some of his Southern allies. According to Charles Daly, writing in the *China Weekly Review*, he is willing at present to sit tight in Manchuria, provided he has a voice in the management of Peking and a firm grip on the Ministry of Communications. But for strategic reasons — that is, to control the arsenals in Central China — he is obliged to reach out for new provinces. During the interim, moreover, he is busy turning out arms at home, and is reported to have added recently fifteen French Bréguets to his existing squadron of 140 airplanes. His army now contains over 60 Chinese flying officers, besides a French and two Russian aviators, and he has recently invited two Japanese aviation officere to advise him on bombing tactics.

Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian general, who is busy pacifying and colonizing China's New Northwest, is also well occupied in a political way, apparently, building up a Tammany organization in the Central and Southern provinces. He has 180,000 troops and ample railway equipment to move his armies, but is said to be short of rifles and ammunition, which, however, are reaching him from Siberia, whose Soviet authorities are having friction with Chang Tso-lin in the North Manchuria railway zone. According to reports, Feng sacrificed none of his reputation as an excellent administrator by deserting his chief at Peking last winter, and is rapidly restoring law and order to the turbulent regions now under his control. Finding his infantry at a disadvantage against the mounted brigands who were ravaging the border provinces, he put his men on horseback, and is beating the bandits at their own mo-

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bile tactics. He prefers, however, to convert these outlaws into Christian soldiers rather than into corpses, but insists that they become either one or the other. The General is also collecting taxes with a searching thoroughness that might be envied in some of the most highly civilized parts of Europe; but he has rigidly suppressed the opium trade, even though it was formerly the chief source of revenue.

Meanwhile the Reorganization Conference, which was summoned to Peking immediately after the Chang-Feng coup last winter to consider means of restoring China to peaceful and constitutional conditions, adjourned late in April after having been in session for three months. Its discussions had little tangible result, but it provided for a successor in the form of a National Conference of Provincial Delegates to draft a new Constitution. The old Parliament melted away without leaving the tiniest trace of a moraine to mark its previous presence when President Tsao was overthrown by the new military coalition, and it is not anticipated that a new 'constitutional government,' whatever its form, will be anything more than a façade to disguise the usurpations of the military leaders.

During March a retrograde movement was observable in the business of some South American countries, particularly Argentina, on account of the fall in wool prices, the slow grain-shipments, and minor local political unsettlements. The Socialists, who are a force to be considered in that country, claim that employers and export traders are deliberately depressing the value of Argentine paper money, in which they pay for labor and produce, while reaping the profit of selling on a gold basis abroad. The popularization of this belief, whether it has real foundation or not, favors political unrest. General Pershing's appointment as Chairman of the Plebiscite Commission to supervise the voting at Tacna and Arica is, according to a Lima dispatch to *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, 'the single ray of light that has illumined this gloomy affair.' He will not 'permit any tampering with the liberty of the individual where he is in charge, and will be alert to prevent rights of either nation from being overrun.' To judge by South American press dispatches and comments, Peru is thoroughly obsessed by the idea that nothing resembling a fair election can be had in these provinces so long as Chile occupies them. Lima has protested against the alleged eviction of Peruvian residents from the disputed territories by the Chilean authorities; on the other hand, Chile claims that Peruvian secret agents are busy buying up votes in these districts.

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EBERT AND BRANTING[1]

HELMSMEN IN EUROPE'S STORM AND STRESS PERIOD

BY RAMSAY MACDONALD

FATE is a whimsical thing. Among the crowd of men who attended International Conferences a quarter of a century ago were two mostly silent — one forced into a dim light because he led his small national delegation, the other overshadowed by the giants of his country. Who could have foreseen that in the presence of the more bustling and influential figures one of those obscure men would be thrice chosen as Premier of his country and become a powerful personality in European affairs, and that the other, as President of a then unborn German Republic, would successfully oppose his sturdy bulk of body and mind to the angry and destructive tides flowing both from Left and Right; that both would die together, and that on their death Europe would feel as though something massive and secure had been taken from its foundations? But such was the part that these two unobtruding men had to play, and when we passed them in the assembly halls, or tried awkwardly to exchange opinions with them in the cafés, no prophecy regarding them would have been more grotesque than what was to be the truth.

They were types of human solidity — massive, slow but certain, quiet in their power, making no haste and having no anxiety to meet their destiny, but ready when the time came to accept the event and do their duty. If you noticed Branting in the street and thought of him at all, you would have put him down as someone successful in something that you could not fix — probably literature or science; you had to see his eye before you could conclude that his success lay where men grapple daily with affairs and command them. Even when you saw Ebert in the great rooms of the palace of the German Chancellors, or walked with him on the lawns under stately trees behind it, though his natural dignity was impressive and his reserve gave confidence, he remained the self-respecting workman perfectly capable of using the authority of his office but not embodying it in himself. These men carried no sceptres in their hands.

The life histories of the two men show the different social strata from which Socialism finds its recruits. Branting was born and brought up in the stimulating intellectual atmosphere of the home of the director of the Stockholm High School of Gymnastics. He studied mathematics and astronomy at Upsala, and his first work was at the Stockholm Observatory. Ebert was the son of a hard-up tailor of Heidelberg, left school at fourteen to be taught the craft of a saddler, tramped the country as a journeyman, and sometimes had to beg for charity. The intellect of the one and the experiences of the other brought them to the same work and creed, and enlisted them in the most wonderful of movements

[1] From the *Nineteenth Century and After* (London Conservative monthly), *April*

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since that of the Christian faith to which it is so near akin — Socialism.

When in 1885, at the age of twenty-five, Branting took up his pen to fight for Socialism, the movement had just been started by a crippled tailor who had come across the works of Karl Marx. The trade-union organizations of Sweden were still Liberal in politics and fought for an extended franchise, and in industry were occupied with demands to improve labor conditions in this detail or in that. Sweden had no very long history of trade-unionism; the working population was comparatively small. The division of interest between employer and employed was, however, well marked. Thus, contrary to what happened here, the industrial organization of the laborers had not grown to manhood before the political labor movement became strong, and, with only the slightest opposition on the part of some ironworkers, the Swedish trade-unionists under the influence of Socialism quickly came to regard their industrial and political creeds as aspects of the same truth, and abandoned their Liberal support. The complementary movements of politics and industry were to all intents and purposes one and the same, with the political side the more prominent, and Branting, the middle-class political leader, was the inspiring counselor of the industrial movement as well.

This union of the industrial and the political organizations of workers, so troublesome and menacing to other political parties, is not only the most efficient expression of working-class needs, but the safest for the community. If the workmen attempt to fight out their grievances in the modern industrial State by industrial action alone, no national industry can survive the continual shocks which strikes and lockouts will cause. In such a warfare the sympathetic strike and the union of unions for mutual assistance are necessary and natural features. A great industrial offensive is far more revolutionary than a political agitation, and it is a significant fact that the Communists of our own time harbor a bitter resentment against political Labor parties and direct their revolutionary energy toward the creation of industrial disturbance and a depreciation of political activity.

The remarkable confession of his personal views made by Mr. Baldwin in the House of Commons during the debate on the Trade-Union Levy Bill would have led him, had he completed his arguments and given a political meaning to the industrial changes upon which he mused, to the general point of view of men like Branting. The speech in question did not support an argument for the rejection of the bill under consideration, but was an unanswerable condemnation of the whole body of political doctrine held by his followers and his ministers on the functions of trade-unions in the political community. To hope for a restoration of the purely personal bond between employer and employed and to trust to it to do justice and keep the peace under existing conditions is sheer utopianism, and no one knew that better than the industrialists who sat behind him in dumfounded silence as he proceeded.

The evolution which brought the changes in organization described by Mr. Baldwin brought corresponding changes in the interests and the function of the State. Branting, and the school of Socialists to which he belonged, held that when the evolution of industrial organization ended the time of idyllic personal relations and direct personal responsibilities a protective communal organization had to take the place of individual kindliness, and industrial results had to become the

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concern of social politics. The evolutionary life of society consists in the adaptation of organization and institution to new conditions and the infusion of new and appropriate life into them. To both Branting and Ebert a division between the industrial and the political organization of Labor was mischievous to the community, and increased the risks of revolution and destruction, particularly in times such as these. Intellectually, it was an absurdity. The working masses had to play an historical rôle of self-emancipation, the signal for which was described by Mr. Baldwin while he missed its historical meaning. The Socialist movement combines the industrial experience of the worker and the historical and economic explanations of the student. In no rational scheme of constitutional progress can the two be kept apart in separate movements, and so the middle-class student of Upsala became the trusted leader of the Swedish workers.

Ebert's growth in public stature followed other lines and was much slower. Before German politics were disrupted by war and a revolutionary peace, there was the same identity between the industrial and political movements of Labor. Here again the great leaders were on the political side — Bebel, Liebknecht, Singer; but the trade-unions supplied men of great parts. Ebert was overshadowed until Bebel died and the war broke out. He was living a life of modest usefulness as adviser and friend to his fellow workmen in Bremen, where he had settled and had been elected to the town council. When the trade-unions of the town ran a bakery, the saddler rolled up his sleeves and kneaded the dough; when they ran a paper, he edited it for the reward of twenty-five marks a week. Trade-unionism, politics, coöperation, were aspects of the movement of working-class spirit and intelligence, and Ebert was busy in them all.

His activity brought him to the Social Democratic headquarters in Berlin, but not until 1912 did he enter the Reichstag. Victor Adler the elder, that man of keen appreciation of the ability and the qualities that men held in reserve, marked him out for approval, and when the old leaders died and the overshadowed ones had to be tested, he with Haase shared the chairmanship of a Party strained to breaking point by disagreement about both economic theory and the war. He was of the majority, and led his followers into the lobbies in support of war credits, and when crashing blow after crashing blow had fallen first upon the Social Democratic Party, and then upon his country, he stood out among his fellows as the quiet, dependable man who could not be moved easily by the threats of Monarchists or the fury of Communists. His qualities marked him out, not for the bench of the leader in the Reichstag, but for the chair of the President in Wilhelmstrasse.

Both men were constitutionalists in the proper sense of the word. They believed in evolutionary change. They knew that if reaction forced revolution upon society the only gain of the revolution would be that it might break the obstructive power of the reaction and free the living forces in society to continue their arrested work. Forms of government may be changed by revolution, but not social habit, nor modes of activity, nor motives of service. These are the slower growths of mental and moral expression. Russia, with its peasant society, primitive simplicity of social structure, obedient people, is the State above all others that can yield the maximum social results to revolution. How meagre has

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been the harvest of that kind is proved beyond question by every report, however colored by bias or glowing with simplicity, which has been issued by those who favor the Bolshevist régime or condone its work. Men brought up to deal with the problems of industrial States like Sweden or Germany, parts of a vast world organization of production and exchange, depending from hour to hour upon systems that are going concerns, however ideally or practically imperfect they may be, see in social revolutions of a catastrophic kind misery that is multiplied and failure that is intensified, and, mayhap with disappointed hearts, keep their confidence in the slower but surer ways of organic transformation by evolving plans. In one of the pages of his *Autobiography*, rich in wise reflection and matured wisdom, John Stuart Mill comments upon this. The hindrance to generous service to the community 'is not in the essential constitution of human nature.'

> The deep-rooted selfishness which forms the general character of the existing state of Society is *so* deeply rooted, only because the whole course of existing institutions tends to foster it; modern institutions in some respects more than ancient, since the occasions on which the individual is called on to do anything for the public without receiving its pay, are far less frequent in modern life, than in the smaller commonwealth of antiquity.

The change to be aimed at is therefore not one of organization and institution only, but must visualize the reaction of both on the human mind, and encourage and use that reaction. If the moral evils of capitalism, seen in the reluctant service which both capital and labor give to the commonwealth, were carried on into Socialism, — as they must be after a catastrophic revolution, — Socialism would fail either by breaking up industrial organization and paralyzing production, or by being compelled to return to capitalism under modified forms, as is the case in Russia to-day. This not only shatters the unfounded expectations of the Communist, but performs the same operation upon nine tenths of the argument against Socialism on the ground that it has never been tried and is contrary to human experience. The constitutionalism which was the inspiring guide of the policy of both Branting and Ebert was therefore not a mere attachment to law and order or conservative acquiescence in things as they are, but was a well-considered method in evolutionary transformation in institutions and organization and in the motives and spirit in which human service is rendered. Constitutionalism to them was a theory and a method of progressive transformation, not a homage to tradition or political inheritance.

Ebert's brief life of authority and guidance was spent in facing the daily problems of his new Republic. It is said that he wept when the terms of the Treaty of Versailles were handed to him. Well he might, for he could not have failed to see the constitutional difficulties which it created for him and the obstacles it put in his way. It raised into active life at one and the same moment a Monarchist and a Communist movement, and made him choose as his instrument for protecting the Republic the dull-witted and repressive Conservative, Noske.

I have been told that so adverse was he to revolution that the necessary violent upset of the German monarchy the day after he had taken the place of Prince Max of Baden as Chancellor was greeted with no welcome from him, and that he accepted the position of First People's Commissary from the revolutionary committee without re-

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garding their action with much approval. Certainly within twenty-four hours of the outbreak of the Revolution there were no signs of it in *Vorwärts*, the organ of Ebert and his majority friends; and it was only with much hesitation that the minority section of Independents could be induced to work with them, so much were they suspected.

The Independents, who had retained in their ranks men of a more nimble and daring intelligence than the majority, had mishandled their fortunes, and though it was a blessing to Germany and Europe that the new men in power rejected the Russian example, it was perhaps a pity that the constitutionalism that was followed was too much of the Conservative kind and that the solidity of Ebert was not moved by a bolder policy. Those of us who had met some of the leaders at Berne, in February 1919, were much struck with their lack of spirit. They were broken, the only exception being Eisner, whose hands were full with the revolution in Bavaria and who, in bidding us good-bye, told us that he knew it was his farewell. Within a few days he was shot.

The death of the old leaders of German Socialism just before the outbreak of war and the stunning effect of the war and the defeat upon Germans made Ebert's work hard drudgery and stiff resistance — a rôle which his qualities specially fitted him to perform. The handling by the Allies of the problem of Germany after the Armistice — the administration of the Saar, the shilly-shallying about reparations, the Ruhr occupation, the Separatist conspiracies — prolonged his tasks, and he has died before being able to leave his country at a point clearly beyond the troubles which he spent himself in meeting. But his work has been invaluable and, I think, will be finally successful. In any event, there he stood holding fast by the foundations of order and warding off the attacks of purely destructive disorder and of reaction, and keeping the fabric of German society from being broken up by men who held the very un-Socialist doctrine that before transforming you must destroy.

Branting had to meet similar problems in other forms and in a wider field. Though Premier and political leader in Sweden, Sweden did not provide for him an ample sphere of action. The leaders of the International Socialist movement all happened to belong to countries involved in the fighting, and Branting, being conspicuous among neutrals, naturally took his place at the head of the paralyzed International. He knew that a victory for Germany would be a world disaster and that a victory for the Allies would have to be vigilantly watched and controlled. When the tension of a state of war is past, madness or a milder folly generally sweeps up like the tidal wave after the earthquake. So Branting's political mind made him strive while the earthquake was still active to prepare to meet the inevitable tidal wave. That is why he favored so keenly the much-caricatured Stockholm Conference, which was doomed to remain as one of the many might-have-beens of history.

When the peace came, the International, with Branting at its head, met at Berne, and there he showed the stiff stuff of which he was made. Bolshevism was bracing the unconquered spirits in every defeated country. At Berne there was an unwillingness to deal faithfully with the events of the Russian Revolution and the conduct of its leaders. Meaningless compromises were devised and advocated. Branting would have none of them. Temporary storms were not to ruin his well-founded Socialism. The

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winds were blowing and the rains pouring, but he stood fast by liberty and democracy, and the Communist movement, with its repression and its dictatorship, received its first check by Socialist hands.

Well do I remember the contest drawn out through days and nights, culminating that evening in the great hall of the Folkshaus. Never before nor since have I faced a crowd so charged with electrical intensity, and when it was over and we had won I walked out with Branting, as unmoved outwardly as though he had been to a dinner, but inwardly confident that the working-class movement of Europe had been saved from disaster. Splits followed, and the International had to go down into greater weakness, but the work begun in February 1919 at Berne was finished in April and May 1922 at Berlin, when negotiations with the Communists were broken off and European Socialism declined an alliance with such an undesirable partner. Branting, however, was not present at the final duel.

Meanwhile the League of Nations had been born, and there Branting was to win his enduring laurels. As the Prime Minister of Sweden he made his first appearance on the League Council at Geneva, and by a wise decision of governments to which he did not belong he was allowed to continue his work there. Twice I saw him there. Once, being in the neighborhood when the Council was sitting, I dropped in to hear the discussion on the Treaty of Mutual Assistance which was being hammered into form. He was doubtful of the prospects. His heart was not in what was being done. He was making the best of a bad job. He did not believe in military pacts. The next time was when the Protocol was being arranged last year. He was happy like a man who saw the threads of his life's work being drawn together. We were both aware of the risks, the discussions and adjustments which would be necessary, the danger of a reaction toward Conservatism in Europe, and the opposition of military experts; but this was a beginning which neither of us really ever expected to see, and we felt that once made it could not be permanently undone.

Branting was a pacifist and came under the opprobrium of this much-abused word. But here again he was the man who had systematized his thought and his policy. His pacifism was a part of his constitutionalism. To him, war as a method belonged to the same category as revolution. It was a test of power. True, the spirit of a nation entered into its chances of success or failure. Thrice is he armed who believes that his quarrel is just. But both sides in every great war believe that their quarrel is just, so that in the end power settles the matter. As a constitutionalist he had no faith in any arbitrament except that of a judicial body, no confidence in any security except that founded on justice and sound policy. The humanitarian defense of pacifism, or the Tolstoian defense, therefore had but a small place in his mind. He thought primarily of the evolution of consequences, and that is the characteristic of Socialist pacifism distinguished from other schools of peace advocates. Disarmament was not a good in itself; it was an essential part of the constitutional policy of peace and security.

The Branting of the League of Nations, the Branting of the Socialist International, the Branting who was Prime Minister of Sweden, was the same Branting who believed in constitutional evolution, as I have defined it, who was always alive to the progressive life of States and institutions, and who stood like a rock for orderly

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adaptation as the means of progress however it was assailed. That belief in improvement by rational adaptation was to him something akin to the 'eternal verities,' and was composed of elements far more substantial than expediency or sentimentality. It was the touchstone he applied to every suggested political solution, and when the test was successful he had chosen his attitude. This keen sense of the practical did not destroy his idealism. Again and again, though no man knew better the times and the seasons of compromise, he stood alone in League Councils, and sometimes almost alone in his own Party. Manfully he fought against the French illegal administration of the Saar, against Italy's conduct to Greece, against Poland's excesses, and as manfully did he urge his country to accept the disappointing League decision regarding the Aaland Islands. He cared only for the right as he saw it, and the right method. He was a scientist in politics, and he thought that the greatest, the most interesting, the most important, of all the sciences is politics.

Both Branting and Ebert presented the mystery of personality to those who, meeting them only occasionally, followed their work and knew their influence. A scene stands out in clear line and color in my memory. One day I went into the garden of the President's residence by the gate in the Königgrätzerstrasse and found Ebert and his wife in Presidential state standing far up the lawn by a tea-table covered with a white cloth under the trees. Honor and status had not changed them. They were a homely German couple in their Sunday clothes, dignified, self-respecting, hospitable. But there was something indicating strength and wisdom in the upright carriage of the man, the precision of his handshake, his straightforward eye. He was the workman, no longer at the saddler's bench, no longer as the leading spirit in Bremen advising his fellows about their rights, but still the workman called upon to keep the government of his country going.

Competence, craftsmanship, were the impressions he gave. He spoke definitely; when discussing difficulties he never mused like one who turns possibilities over leisurely in his mind. He was precise and expressed himself in short, comely sentences in good English. He was rectitude without imagination, friendship without enthusiasm, principle without flare, strength without impetus. Those with a more intimate knowledge of the man may be able to add qualities that did not lie open to the observation of acquaintances; but such is the man I knew — a man admirably fitted for the work that fell to his lot as first President of the German Republic. Well did he do that work. He represented the strength of the mass of ordinary people.

Branting was different. An awkward man, awkward in speech and appearance, a man who often lumped his English into a heap of almost unintelligible unsorted words, whose aspect had nothing to attract the stranger, who introduced himself with confusion, he was, in reality, the most kindly and considerate and lovable of men, — a man to whom his fellows, especially young men, became ardently devoted, — with a firm backbone and an unclouded vision. When his shy and clumsy exterior was penetrated, as one of his friends said, he was found to be 'embracing, warm, and helpful.' At one time when there was trouble in the Socialist Party and all sections were being represented on a party committee, the leader of the opposition to Branting refused election, giving to his confidants the reason that, had he served, he would thus be brought

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within the magnetic field of Branting's influence, 'which would disarm him.'

He was always active and foremost. In his earlier years he was the most hated and persecuted man in Sweden. The respectable mob are always frightened by a man who shows a romantic loyalty to liberty and right. He was sent to prison for three months for reprinting a 'freethinking' article, not because he believed in it, but because the writer had been victimized by an outworn and therefore a bad law.

Anything but an extremist, he was essentially a man of feeling, and the emotions of the masses were never far from his heart. He therefore used sometimes to confuse his friends, to whom he appeared to be audacious at one moment and supercautious the next. Like all men who trust much to intuition, he presented those apparent contradictions; but the loyalty of intuition to the workings of the creative spirit is as steadfast as the more formal consistencies of logic to reason. He was certainly never afraid to stand up to the masses: he was no flattering demagogue; when he thought them to be wrong, he stood by them, shared their responsibilities, and did his best to get them out of their self-made difficulties; but he then never concealed from them his opinions about them. So they came to trust and revere him, raging jealousies, caves, and plots against his leadership ceased, and in his later years he enjoyed the confidence, envied by all leaders, which made the people follow him, saying when in doubt of his policy, 'Well, it generally turns out that in the end he is proved to be right.'

In 1917 he fought his last great battle for supremacy, and came through the test of leading a revolution which changed the constitution without shedding a drop of blood. The Swedish Party, like all others, was confused by war issues and the red gleams of the Russian Revolution. Branting's leadership was attacked. He was out of date; he was conservative; he gave no bold and dramatic lead. Driven to bay, he fought; he deliberately split his Party; he 'cut its tail off,' as was said. The result was that in time the Left Opposition Party dwindled, quarreled, became insignificant, and Swedish Socialism grew in favor and in power.

In the neighboring country of Norway, where the Party was left exposed to compromise with Communists and unbalanced influences, it posed for a brief day in glittering bravado, it spoke boldly, and postured as a revolutionary movement; then the Nemesis of being lath and pretending to be iron overtook it; it decayed, and for a time ceased to count. Meanwhile, as was shown in the recent elections, the Swedish Socialist Party has the support of forty-four per cent of the electors of Sweden, and is relatively the strongest Socialist Party in the world. Communism is almost extinct in Sweden, as it would be here had it not been used by the Conservative Party for its own ends. Wherever Communism is strong, it has been nourished and advertised by the Reaction; wherever it is weak, it has been fought by the Socialists.

There was nothing of the charlatan or the demagogue about this man, but a genuine soul-pursuing righteousness throughout his life, taking honors when they came, but never buying them by any coin by which men purchase them. His first intimate contact with the workers is the prelude which contains all the motifs of his completed life. When he was a student at Upsala he heard that at Stockholm an institute was being founded where by lectures and classes the workers were to be instructed in science, in literature, and in public affairs. The promoters applied

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for a grant of three thousand kroner to the Stockholm County Council, but that body, fearing lest it should become a nursery for Socialists and Radicals, refused. Branting at once supplied the money. Always reckless with his possessions and incapable of looking after his own affairs, his wise father left him a house under a trust, so that this middle-class man might be protected in his liberality from penury.

There are striking contrasts between the two men, and striking similarities. Branting's lot was the better of the two for leaving a good reputation. The story of the constitutional revolution in Sweden in 1918 cannot yet be told, and in that silence Branting's experiences as a leader in a revolution must for the time being be wrapped. But as the executive head of his State he never had to handle a country seething with disturbances promoted now from the Right, now from the Left — disturbances that had to be put down in no rose-water way. He never had to stand apart as the embodiment of a State whose very existence he had to protect by the very forces that assailed it. He never was called upon to choose or reject a Noske as an instrument. And yet it is not only the time of their passing that links them together. Both were colleagues in thought and in ideal; both marked the arrival of new forces in government; both, lovers of their country, worked for the founding of an international order of peace and cooperation; both drew their inspiration from the thoughts and feelings of the working classes. It may be that among the names of men who have led their people that of neither of them will be written in unquenchable flames of fire, but they will certainly be preserved in letters of untarnishable gold.

A UNITED STATES OF EUROPE[1]

A LAYMAN'S EASTER SERMON

BY JOSEPH CAILLAUX

WILL not Continental Europe soon see the necessity of standing together? Will it not realize that what is happening in the East and in the West makes union imperative?

Russia is enveloped in mystery, I admit. I acknowledge that no one can foretell exactly what course the men who now rule her, and who undoubtedly will continue to rule her for a considerable period, will pursue. Apparently the successors of Lenin have vacillated since the death of their leader — since losing the guidance of what the English reviews called their 'big man.'

But whether they have definite plans or not, and whatever their goal may be, the course of events irresistibly draws Russia toward Asia. Cut off from the Baltic by a cordon of little States set up along its coast, knowing that it is impossible to recover those territories and to resume the ambitious policies of Peter the Great, as Lenin possibly hoped to do, the present leaders of

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *April* 12

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Bolshevism are forced to face the Pacific. They are turning their back on Europe.

The two Americas are likewise diverting their gaze toward the Pacific, watching solicitously their rivals across its waters. The United States, which holds the sceptre of the New World in its hands, casts only indifferent and absent-minded glances back at the old continent. Apparently the Great Republic under the Stars and Stripes regards Europeans merely as recalcitrant debtors, or would utilize their financial needs to reduce them — the founders of all colonies — to a colonial status. That should not surprise or anger us. It is the way the world goes. The potter's wheel keeps turning.

England is in a bad way. Her statesmen — for she still has able statesmen — well understand that her epoch of splendid isolation is past. Submarines, long-range artillery, airplanes, — above all, airplanes, — have robbed her of the security which a narrow ribbon of water gave her only a few years ago. Great Britain would have to be a floating island, capable of shifting her moorings to the middle of the Atlantic, to escape to-day the dangers of her proximity to Europe. None the less, she is loath to recognize her changed situation, because that means bidding farewell to venerable traditions that have become fixed dogmas in her political life. Furthermore, England is drawn this way and that by her Dominions. The British Empire has become since the war what many of its political writers are proud — and justly proud — to call a Commonwealth of Free Nations. Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, must now be heard. Having crushed the power of Germany and strengthened themselves in so doing, they have no desire to become more deeply involved in Europe's controversies. So Great Britain hesitates. Ardently as she may wish peace upon the Continent, so near to London, she dare not make formal treaties that would bind the whole Commonwealth.

Continental Europe, extending from the Atlantic to the Carpathians, therefore sees both her neighboring countries and remoter nations, which give her only casual glances, drawing away from her and shunning her company. This isolation bids her to end her disunity. Are not her disunity, her rivalries, jealousies, discords, and hatreds the very reason why the rest of the world deserts her? In all times men have fled from the house of discord. Cannot our nations, who are of the same race and on the same level of civilization, comprehend this? Will they not resolve at last to disinfect their centres of contagion?

During the year that has elapsed since Easter 1924 we have seen some reassuring symptoms. One of the happiest of these was the outcome of the elections in my own country, France, last May, which drove Poincaré and his chauvinist allies out of office. My people thereby showed their sovereign will to be to assist in Europe's reconciliation. That is a policy in which the statesmen of the Third Republic — Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Waldeck-Rousseau, and their associates — were proud to be pioneers. Let me emphasize this, for it seems to me that France's new course is not fully appreciated in Central Europe.

The victory of the Parties of reaction in November 1919 was a unique episode in French history. What were its causes: the Red spectre, — skillfully propagated fear of Bolshevism, — and above all a new electoral law, suddenly sprung upon the people, which confused the voters. In spite of all that, the Parties of the Left were in a major-

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ity. They might have retained control of the Chamber of Deputies if they had not gone into battle divided among themselves. The Parties of the Right on this single occasion were able to profit by the disunion of their opponents. This temporary triumph of reaction was a political accident, for no other election since the establishment of the Republic has failed to show a decided shifting toward the Left. The Opposition, to be sure, is very strong and will continue so. It is conducting a campaign of unprecedented violence against the Parties now in power. But it does not dare to go to the same extreme in respect to foreign policies, because it knows that a vast majority of our people passionately desire peace and sternly repudiate policies of adventure. . . . And no attacks, no matter how bitter, will ever divert Herriot or the public men who succeed him as leaders of the *Cartel des gauches* from the policy he proclaimed in his speech of last January 29, in the Chamber of Deputies: 'My highest ambition is to help create a United States of Europe. . . . There are nations that must be friends because their coöperation is indispensable.' As an English writer remarked, for the first time in centuries the old ideal of a United States of Europe was again set up and proclaimed by the French nation as the official policy of its Government.

That is a tremendous step forward. But with the same clearness and definiteness with which he proclaimed this general doctrine, Herriot very properly added that the good-will of all nations was necessary to attain that goal. 'This ideal cannot be realized as long as we have a generous, idealistic democracy, ready to let bygones be bygones, on one side, and an old oligarchy of blood and death, fortified behind another democracy that is not able to fulfill its obligations, on the other.' These are truths that no man will dispute. Before we can have the great Continental entente we so ardently desire, we must have unanimity of spirit. No reservations of any sort must lurk in the heart of any country in Europe. I think we all agree on that.

Let us therefore mobilize our forces to save our old continent, the foster father of civilization, from the tragic death or protracted agony that threatens it. Let all of us who love our countries gird ourselves for this labor. Let us open our eyes to the truth that the patriotism of the twentieth century must be Pan-European patriotism. An Easter day is surely coming when the church bells of all Europe will ring in, simultaneously with Christ's resurrection, the union of our ancient continent. That is predestined to come, because moral, economic, and political laws are just as inflexible as physical laws. But it depends upon the wisdom and foresight of men whether those Easter bells shall ring out joyfully over populous and prosperous cities, or over the devastated fields and ashen ruins left by new and bloody wars. Europeans, it is for you to choose!

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THE ARGUMENT FOR HINDENBURG[1]

A CONSERVATIVE CAMPAIGN APPEAL

[We print the salient paragraphs of this editorial as an example of pro-Hindenburg election literature during the German presidential campaign.]

Will the approaching election influence business? Will the choice of Hindenburg or of Marx set back or push forward our business recovery and expansion? Certainly not directly. Neither Marx nor Hindenburg, if elected President of the Commonwealth, can exercise a direct or even an indirect influence worth mentioning upon the course of business — that is, upon the freedom, the encouragements, the discouragements, that the Government's policies may signify.

Nevertheless, a connection incontestably exists between the presidential election and business prosperity. Beyond doubt, some real influence is here involved, though it is primarily psychological. But we must not let ourselves be carried away by campaign exaggerations. . . . Hindenburg's opponents claim that our business leaders are deeply worried lest, if he be elected, our foreign relations may become more difficult. They also say that the Field Marshal's alleged sympathies with the agricultural nobility will make him favor their interests at the cost of our manufacturers.

Unquestionably, Hindenburg's candidacy has produced deep distrust in certain foreign circles that have tried to make themselves the tutors of Germany ever since the Versailles Treaty. Doubtless, too, Hindenburg's election will temporarily strengthen or confirm suspicions in such quarters. The question is whether that feeling will do German business any actual harm. . . . It is hard to see why a German merchant of good reputation should suddenly become an object of distrust abroad because Marshal Hindenburg has been elected. Did the appointment of the Luther Cabinet, which was also objected to on the same ground, really hamper our economic recovery? Did it not rather tend to restore confidence? The foreigner with whom the German industrialist or merchant deals does not care a straw whether Marx or Hindenburg is elected. All he cares about is whether the German Government is efficiently and honestly run along safe and sane business lines. He wants facts and not campaign arguments or political theories.

Our emotional republicans are not yet whole-souled republicans. They have not sufficient grasp of natural historical evolution to realize that every stabilizing adjustment in our political life, that every measure that induces new sections of the people, and above all rational republicans, to join in running the Government, — that makes them fellow workers in administering the Republic, — strengthens our new institutions. Such coöperation steadily lessens the bitterness of an active Opposition, that might otherwise become dangerous; it gradually converts apathy or dislike for the Republic into an interest in the Republic begotten of a sense of service to the Fatherland.

[1] From the *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily, British Occupied Territory), *April* 19

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These are practical advantages of ever-growing importance. The Conservatives will never give justifiable reasons for distrust abroad unless they are excluded permanently and systematically from all participation in the government and prevented from becoming practically familiar with our new political institutions.

What German business must insistently demand of any national administration, in addition to a sound policy of promoting trade and industry that will enable us to meet our obligations under the Dawes Plan, is that it foster peaceful political evolution at home and cultivate a good understanding with other countries. The defense of the constitution, the continuance of our present republican régime, are of vital interest to German business. We must steer steadily ahead in one consistent course if we are to avoid domestic dissensions fatal to our economic recovery. Therefore it is precisely in business circles, regardless of any sentimental attachment their members may have for old ideals, that we find the most convinced and rational republicans. It is from these business circles that any attempt to change the present form of government, or to interfere in any way with peaceful political evolution along the present lines, would meet the most energetic opposition. . . .

Sociology will find it a very fertile and stimulating theme to study the form of government under which modern capitalism thrives best, and is least hampered by hostile social and political ideals. Certainly that form of government is not a monarchy, with its strong aristocratic prejudices, its feudal survivals, its hereditary estates, and its peculiar contempt for business. If we review the history of the past, we shall discover that business has always thriven best under governments in which its leaders were directly represented, such as the city republics of the Hanseatic League or commercial oligarchies like mediæval Venice. A democratic and parliamentary republic is precisely the form of government that affords the most favorable opportunity — in theory at least — for the development of modern capitalism. A glance at the United States of America — or at France — proves this. Naturally the dominant influence controlling any government machine, the political forces and platforms that are its motive power, are all-important. In a representative democracy each class of the population, each group of interests, tries to secure control of that machinery for its personal profit, and this struggle comes to a focus during general elections.

Coming now to the practical application of all this, the attitude of German business toward the present candidates is determined, quite apart from the personal qualities of the men themselves and other questions of political expediency, by the character of the political forces that each respectively represents. And here the voter can quickly make his choice. . . .

It is of interest here to trace the influence upon the fulfillment of Germany's Treaty obligations of the increasing participation in the government of the parties and statesmen of the Right. When German nationalists first entered the Cabinet, it was widely proclaimed that this imperiled the whole policy of fulfilling the Treaty and bettering our relations with our neighbors. To-day the nomination and election of Hindenburg are greeted with the same prophecy. Now what is the real effect of the present trend to the Right upon the Reparations programme?

If we study that programme during the past few years, we find that, as originally proposed, it utterly failed.

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The Weimar Coalition started out with a policy of fulfillment to the limit. This naturally meant a heavy burden upon German industry and commerce, for in the end our business men and workingmen have to produce the excess above their own subsistence and maintenance to pay these obligations. They must increase their production and reduce their consumption. The Reparations programme, therefore, logically demands that the Government promote trade and industry in every possible way — of course with due regard to the interests of employees and consumers, who are equally sensitive to the reduction of their incomes and the increased burdens upon their personal budgets that its payments exact. But regardless of everything else, the fulfillment of those obligations requires a strengthening and extending of capitalist organization, an extraordinary development of German business, absolute free play for German enterprise, in order that the Government may find a surplus among its citizens upon which to draw to pay its debts.

Now the Weimar Government did just the opposite of this. Its economic and labor programme was strongly colored with Socialism and hostility to private enterprise. That was the cardinal error in our early, purely idealistic Reparations policy. Another difficulty was that the very men whose counsels were most needed to carry out such a policy, which requires above all else a practical knowledge of finance, industry, and trade, were seldom consulted, were not permitted to add the weight of their voice and authority to the Government's measures. It was impossible under such circumstances to secure their hearty coöperation. As a consequence the whole Reparations programme, especially in view of the weakened authority of the State, was feeble and insincere.

It is the very essence of successful democracy to place the control and administration of measures in the hands of those who must provide the means and capacity to make these measures a success. Unless that is done, no programme is likely to win out. At last it is beginning to dawn upon our foreign creditors — though for very obvious reasons they do not advertise the fact — that a German Government that has the unqualified support and coöperation of big business will be far better able to fulfill the country's obligations to them than a Radical Government which professes unbounded good-will but has neither the means nor the ability to do more than advertise its good intentions.

The same situation exists in respect to security. A German Government of the Right can offer France more solid assurances of security than any Government of the Left. It is exceedingly important that these plain and self-evident truths are recognized both in Germany and abroad.

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SKIRTING THE FIRING LINE IN MOROCCO[1]

BY RENÉ DE PLANHOL

THE traveler along the electric railway that connects Ceuta and Tetuán realizes at once what physical obstacles nature has placed in the way of pacifying this country. On the left is the sea, tinted violet in the setting sun and dotted here and there with white sails. On the right is a narrow ribbon of fields and meadows abruptly terminated by a gray-and-black mountain-rampart. This rampart is nowhere flat on top. Instead it is an endless succession of grotesquely carved peaks, overhanging precipices, and gorges, none of which penetrates deeply into the country.

At regular intervals stand sentry-posts guarding the railway day and night. After passing a few stations the line quits the sea and ascends a moderate grade toward the mountains, which have withdrawn somewhat at this point from the coast. An abrupt turn, and Tetuán stands before us.

This charming name, Tetuán, 'The Dove,' is an invention of the Arab's poetic imagination. Indeed the white town spreading like unfolded wings up the neighboring slope seems like a bird poised on the point of flight. It is one of the oldest places in Morocco, and formerly was nominally subject to the Sultan of Fez, though really ruled by independent chiefs. Its ancient citadel, the Alcazába, still overlooks the ruins of their palace. The Arab town, with its narrow streets, its white walls, its bazaar, its little shops where dignified bearded merchants sell rugs, cloth, copper, pastries, and meat, its mosques, whose curtained doors give glimpses of the faithful at prayer, its languidly sauntering women in heavy veils, its handsome half-naked street urchins, its noisy beggars clamoring for alms in Allah's name, its little mule-trains following their leader's bell, and its all-pervading odors of frying grease, recalls Beirut or Damascus. But Tetuán is no longer a resort for the tourist, the trader, or the dreamer. During some years now it has led the feverish excited life of an army headquarters in time of war.

The military are everywhere. They give color and character to the scene. Even in the most secluded Arab quarters soldiers in khaki and wearing blue caps braided with red intermingle with the natives. In the 'New Town' they and the officers monopolize the street. Sentries, army trucks, and circling airplanes all tell of the neighboring front, nearer than one might suppose — only two or three miles away as the crow flies.

Mountains encircle Tetuán like a broken ring. From my window I can see halfway up their abrupt ascent little groups of white spots, the farthest outposts defending the city. On the other side of the range the rebels lie in ambush. This explains why the town has been repeatedly threatened with capture, and lives in practically a chronic state of siege. The French Consul said to me: 'After dark I cannot go on the street, and I lock myself in. I always keep arms handy. Every night bullets whistle through my garden.' I should add that the Consu-

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *April* 21, 23, 28

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late is in the outskirts. It was bought by France fifteen years ago when the country was at peace.

'See those mountains?' added the Consul, pointing to the east. 'In the daytime you can safely take a pleasant ride through the olive groves as far as their very foot, but at night it would be a risky adventure. Bands of the enemy's scouts frequently filter between the Spanish outposts under the cover of darkness and drive off live stock from the pastures around the city.'

But one must not imagine that Tetuán lives in a state of perpetual alarm. Business and amusement go on as usual. Cabarets and theatres cater to the soldiers; grocers sell all sorts of delicacies; tailors are busy making uniforms; and kiosks are gay with displays of picture postal cards for men wishing to send a message home. The main theatre cost two million pesetas. By its side stands a cinema that is packed to the doors with Arabs every night. In the lower part of the town, in a charming site surrounded by parks and gardens, the officers have a club with a race course, tennis grounds, and golf links.

Probably the wealthier and more influential Arabs here are friendly to Spain, whose presence has been a source of wealth to them. They still own much of the real estate in the New Town, where the price of property has risen as amazingly during the last ten years as it might in California. One curious result of the Spanish occupation has been the emancipation of the Jews, who form more than a third of the population. Their ancestors took refuge here when they were expelled from Spain, and now, centuries afterward, their children preserve the same religious rites, the same language, the same customs, as their forefathers. The Arabs kept them in semiservitude, confined in a ghetto. Outside of that district a Jew was forced to take off his shoes whenever he approached a mosque. To-day they enjoy the same rights as anyone else and, with the faculty of assimilation peculiar to their race, have abandoned their traditional attire and dress and act like ordinary Europeans.

A friend took me to call at the house of a wealthy Arab official. A young slave girl opened the door and announced us. We caught the echo of hurried footsteps as the women sought retirement. The master of the house greeted us with ceremonious courtesy. The interior court, tiled in blue, yellow, and black mosaic-designs, was bordered by alcoves in which stood divans covered with brilliant fabrics. Fountains played among the foliage. On the second floor were chambers opening their whole length upon a balcony and filled with a soft, subdued light. I could see a canopied bed draped with purple silk near a divan covered with gold-colored satin. On a wall above a mosaic hung swords and silver and copper chains. Hand-wrought iron lamps with shades of many-colored glass contained electric lights. A rug thirty or forty feet long, reputed to be one of the most beautiful in Morocco, was covered with cushions and low tables in precious woods. In one of the rooms our host, who was an educated gentleman, had his study, where he composes learned poetry. He showed us with pride a nickel-plated clock and colored-paper flowers under a glass bell-jar. This and the electricity were the only evidences of European civilization.

Seven P.M. A gun fired, not as a sign of war, but merely to indicate that a day of fasting had ended. For we are in the last days of Ramadan, when it is forbidden to take food from sunrise to sunset. Many of the faithful sleep

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practically the entire day — and make up for it at night. We roamed through the native town. Arabs in their burnooses sat on the divans of little cafés, almost motionless, smoking hashish. We seated ourselves in one of these places. The obsequious proprietor brought us cups of boiling tea flavored with mint leaves. Not far away several men were conversing with a mysterious air. I was told that they were probably rebel mountaineers plotting some coup with accomplices in the town — an outpost attack or cattle-running.

The Spanish High Commission occupies a charming building designed in the Arab style. Its court, which is surrounded by offices, opens into a reception room. In the centre of its mosaic pavement stands a fountain — without water; and from the balcony hang pretty wooden cages — without birds. General Primo de Rivera received me here in an almost unfurnished office on the second floor. He proved to be a robust man clad in khaki uniform, with closely cropped white hair, a straight nose, full cheeks, and a prominent chin. His face was strong and willful. His eyes and his smile suggested shrewdness, and even a sort of naughty mischievousness.

'Yes,' he said, in reply to my question, 'I have the situation, which was dangerous for a moment, completely in hand. We all had rash illusions at first. No matter who was responsible for them, we were all deceived. We thought we could carry those mountains by force. That was impracticable. Anyone who knows them well realizes the impossibility of such an enterprise. A few men with rifles and machine-guns can easily hold an army at bay. An officer once told me how he had seen twelve Moorish rebels quickly put an entire attacking company hors de combat.

'So I have given up any attempt to invade that country, and shall merely protect the coast here with light defensive works sufficient to keep the enemy out of the plains. We accomplish two things by this. First, we save money. This Morocco campaign was costing the country too much, to say nothing of the loss of life. I came over intending to send fifteen battalions home. This week I have sent back twenty-five. In the second place, we can thus keep the country in better order than before, and with fewer troops. The coastal plain is perfectly safe to-day. The Moors will never attack our outposts here, for they are so situated as readily to reënforce each other.

'Possibly next summer we shall make an advance, acting in concert with Marshal Lyautey, but that is not decided. Just now we are marking time. The rebels will have increasing difficulty getting food and ammunition. They are tiring out. Every day several dozen come to our outposts and surrender voluntarily.

'But there is a great deal of smuggling, nevertheless. Goods get through to the rebels via Tangier, by the hands of unscrupulous merchants of no nationality.'

I made a tour of the outposts in an automobile courteously placed at my disposal by General Primo de Rivera. We started toward the Southwest along a road with many steep grades and sharp turns, and badly torn up by army trucks. On either hand were rolling plains covered with sallow herbage and dwarf palms, and dotted here and there with yellow, violet, and white wildflowers. Tawny snow-capped mountains hemmed in the view. We passed at frequent intervals sentry-posts, detachments of soldiers, horsemen, and more rarely a herd of lean cattle or black swine shepherded by an indolent-looking Arab. A solitary

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house was visible here and there, making a white dot on the mountain-side.

My Catalan guide, who was chief of the interpreter service at Tetuán, told me not to imagine that the country was as sparsely settled as it seemed. 'There are houses all around you, but you don't see them. They are built of adobe just the color of the soil, and it takes a practised eye to distinguish them. The natives who live in them do all they can to help the rebels.'

On our left I saw a camp occupying a sort of promontory formed by a bend in a stream. Trenches and other excavations were visible between the tents. It was a military post where archæologists have discovered the ruins of the Roman city of Tamonda mentioned by Pliny the Younger. Its site was previously unknown until the Spaniards unearthed it while building a fortification. Some nine miles from Tetuán we came to a cluster of buildings, tents, and horses on the summit of a low knoll. At one time an Arab village, where Raisuli lived, occupied the spot, but the original buildings had been destroyed by cannon fire and a new post erected on their ruins. The garrison consists of a thousand infantry and a squadron of cavalry, plus a few Arabs and about two hundred Spanish civilians, mostly sutlers and camp-followers.

Soldiers were exercising the horses, carrying fodder, and washing their clothing. Others were seated in circles polishing their equipment. Still others were sleeping in the sun. The troops were quartered in barracks and tents. Great open sheds covered casks of wine, baled hay, bags of oats, sacks of flour, and a bakery. The more permanent buildings are constructed in the Arab style, which is most suitable for this climate. Among them is a mosque for the native troops. Catholic services are held in the open air.

Around the post are veritable business quarters, bordered by shops such as one might find in L'Artois or the Vosges: there are cabarets, grocery stores, haberdashery shops, stationery shops — in fact, a rudimentary bazaar where the soldier can buy almost anything he likes. This population of camp-followers includes women and children, so there is a schoolhouse, where I saw forty lively youngsters playing in the yard. It impressed me as a little odd, this first European school in Africa, erected almost on the firing line.

A colonel pointed out to me the Spanish advance works undulating along the mountain-side. They consist of blockhouses garrisoned with from ten to twenty men, within hailing distance of each other. This makes it impossible for the Moors to surround and isolate them as they did before, and they can be revictualed, if necessary, from airplanes that drop provisions and water — in the shape of ice — within them in case of emergency. A little farther up the mountain-side I saw a number of white buildings, which are in possession of the 'rebels.' Everything was quiet along the line just then, but the colonel said that there was firing practically every night and that the bullets often whistled through the streets where we were standing.

We walked out to the nearest of these blockhouses, which occupied a little eminence close to the foot of the mountain. A family of black and pink pigs, shepherded by an Arab boy, ran up to us and insisted on getting underfoot. The blockhouse consisted of a stone rampart about six feet high and six feet thick, pierced all around with square loopholes. A dozen soldiers garrison it in turn. They sleep on two-

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decker iron beds with straw mattresses, and cook their food on a primitive hearth in one corner, whose smoke escapes through a hole in the roof. Except that they vary in size, all the other defenses along the front resemble this one.

Before returning to Tetuán we visited Wadi Martin on the shore of the sea. Five years ago it consisted of half a dozen huts. Now it is a little seaside resort with a population of fifteen hundred people, a fishing-wharf, and a bathhouse. Wealthy Arabs have seaside cottages here, and officers and merchants from Tetuán bring their families here for the summer.

All along our route I saw evidences of the vast sums that Spain is spending in this country — wireless stations, munitions depots, aviation camps, and all the rest. And I could see that everyone with whom I talked was deeply preoccupied with the all-absorbing question of how Spain was to get any return for all the sacrifices of life, money, and energy that she has made here.

EPITAPHS IN ADVANCE[1]

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

IV. Rudyard Kipling

The tin-can politics of Rudyard
rust in some Tooting brick and mud yard,
while through the sacred brushwood, rippling,
glimmers the faun the gods call Kipling.

[1] From the *Spectator*.

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THE TOLSTOI LIFE DRAMA: A DAUGHTER'S STORY[1]

BY EKATERINA KUSKOVA

It was announced that Tatiana Lvovna Tolstaia-Sukhotina would speak upon the Tolstoi family drama, of her father and her mother. I dreaded to go. The most intimate family privacies, usually hidden from all outsiders, were, it seemed to me, about to be put on public exhibition, exposed to the profane gaze of the world. Could anyone picture justly and adequately the home life of a man like Tolstoi?

But the speaker's very first words reassured me. She *was* the true daughter of Tolstoi, who spoke to us with wonderful simplicity. Not a single embellishment, not a single artificial phrase. She told her story plainly and unaffectedly, now quietly, now with more emphasis, exactly as everyday life goes on. The great audience that filled the Slavianski Zal in Prague was hushed. No one moved while this gray-haired, wholesome-looking woman in a plain black dress spoke. Even the fact that after every few sentences she was interrupted by the interpreter, who repeated them in Czech, did not seem to distract attention — indeed, it gave one time to absorb what had just been said. And the audience grew tenser and tenser, as the great drama unrolled before its eyes: suffering without respite, mutual miscomprehension without hope of understanding.

'Fourteen years have now passed since my father's death, and five years since the death of my mother. During these years we children have heard much about their relations that was true, but still more that was untrue. We have kept silent — we have not carried our tales to the public; but now it is time to speak. For books written by my father's friends have appeared that contain the sort of truth which, intrinsically, is false — especially concerning my mother. It seems almost harder to speak than to keep silent, but it is a duty to let the world know the true character of my mother, especially as it was exhibited during the last few years of their life in common, when her nervousness already bordered on insanity. It is painful to speak of my parents' relations with each other, but the fact is that all the things that remain hidden in other families were open to everybody in ours; we lived as if in a glass house. Every stranger was welcome to visit us, to look around, and then to tell from the tree tops what he spied out in the secret recesses of our hearts. Tolstoi himself disclosed much in his *Diaries* and his *Confession*; therefore I feel free to speak of what I myself have seen and lived through in my family. To be sure, I cannot tell everything, for it is still too early to mention all of those who shared in the tragedy.

'I, the oldest daughter, am only twenty years younger than my mother. For thirty-five years, until my marriage, I lived with my parents, and I intervened to smooth over many misunderstandings that became intolerably acute after 1880.'

Tatiana Lvovna continues. She tells the story, as the family tradition has it, of Tolstoi's marriage with the

[1] From *Dni* (Berlin Conservative-Socialist Russian language daily), *April* 10

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very young, pretty, nervous, excitable Sophia Behrs. A society and city girl suddenly changes her life completely and buries herself on the village estate of Iasnaia Poliana. Life assumes a perfectly even cadence. Every evening Sophia Andreevna copied what her husband had written during the day. The first son, Sergei, was born. The father insisted that the mother nurse him, for he regarded taking a wet nurse as a crime. [In the customary conditions of Russian peasant life, a woman who hired out as a wet nurse necessarily abandoned her own infant to a stranger's care, and as a rule it soon died.] Sophia Andreevna was ill, but followed her husband's wish, until finally the child had to be fed on a bottle. It was weak and sickly. The young father would sit entire nights over the cradle — and when morning came he would be back in his study, and in a different world: he was writing *War and Peace* then. His mental companions were Alexander I, Napoleon, Karataev, Natasha, Pierre . . . The next child was Tatiana Lvovna, and after that every two years a new member came to the family, until thirteen children were born. Eleven of them the mother nursed herself, often when ill. Such was the monotonous tenor of her life during those years when, as Tolstoi wrote, 'every day I must leave a particle of myself in my inkpot, and she — in the nursery.'

Yet, whenever Tolstoi happened to leave home for a short period, they wrote each other every day. 'I sit in your study,' Sophia Andreevna wrote, 'copying, or sorting your things, and weep over the happiness of past days . . .' And he answers her: 'Day after to-morrow I shall find you, dear, alert, slender, there in the nursery. I know I shall find you there any time.' She wrote to her sister: 'When he is away, I go through his papers, looking at them, reading them over and over. I am trying with all my strength to understand him, to penetrate him, to feel his soul.' And again to him: 'Without you I am as if without my soul. You instill poetry into everything. Sometimes I cannot tell whether I love this thing or that because you love it, or because I like it myself . . .' Then follows Tolstoi's ominous presentiment in a letter to a friend: 'She is young. Much of what there is in me she does not understand; she will suppress much in herself for my sake, and later will present me a bill for it.'

'Indeed,' says Tatiana Lvovna, 'the "bill" was presented, though not until much later. And of those cloudlessly happy twenty years of our family life I could tell a great deal more; sometime, perhaps, I shall write it down.'

Then the genuine drama began — a drama where no one is guilty, and therefore no hope of a happy ending is possible. Externally it began when the family moved to Moscow to live. It had been decided that the oldest boy, Sergei, must go to the university and Tatiana must be introduced in Society. But the rift had begun much earlier, though it was hidden. In the late seventies Tolstoi began to be tormented by questions concerning the meaning of life. It was soon evident that his wife utterly lacked interest in such themes. He began to feel that his success and his wealth were burdens. He came to regard his fame as a heavy cross. His church was like a shackle upon his spiritual limbs. Yet, before relinquishing the Orthodox faith, he passed through all the experiences of a devout believer: he stood through the long series of Lenten services, fasted, prayed, went to confession and Communion; pored over the Gospels, studied Hebrew and Greek. As he wrote later: 'I climbed up to the sun on

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its beams — up to the true teaching of Christ.'

To his family all this was new and strange — his demand that they change their lives and give up their property. 'The way we reasoned was: "Why is it that heretofore we traveled first-class and bought our clothes in the best shops, and now are asked to live like peasants? Why should our pleasant, cheerful life change?" We did not understand. . . .' Meanwhile their father visited prisons and barracks and sawed wood on the Moskva River. Then he would come home to deplore the fine linen on the table and the servants in white gloves.

In 1882 an all-Russian census was taken. Tolstoi volunteered as an enumerator in the worst slums of Moscow — Hamovniki, the Arzhanovski night-lodging. This experience impressed him still more deeply with the fact that while some people had all the plenty, the joy, the happiness of life, others had only misery and vice as their share. Who was responsible for this? His answer was: 'I and my family.' He became entirely absorbed by these thoughts. Sophia Andreevna began to fear for his sanity and waited anxiously for this mental crisis to pass.

And so they began to go their several ways, each of them still cherishing great love for the other, and yet conscious of an equally deep estrangement. Sophia Andreevna had her society; Lev Nikolaevich had his 'suspicious' acquaintances, strange persons from a different world. He wrote to Engelhardt: 'You cannot conceive how lonely I am. All that I value highest is an object of contempt to my dear ones.' And Sophia Andreevna wrote to her sister at the same time: 'You cannot conceive how alone I feel. It seems to me that no one needs me any longer, nor is interested in me.' Tolstoi did not give up hope, however; about that time he wrote to his wife: 'All of my fame I would gladly give for one thing — that you and I should become one in spirit.'

Nevertheless they argued and quarreled repeatedly, without any approach to real reconciliation. At length Lev Nikolaevich took a knapsack one day and left the house. 'I remember this scene very well,' Tatiana Lvovna says. 'Mother sat, motionless and staring, on a bench in a garden alley which both of them loved. She expected a new child at that time. Brother Ilia came, led her to her bedroom, and made her lie down. But father could not go far. He soon returned. The next morning my sister Alexandra was born.

'In December of that same year they had a tempestuous mutual explanation in which both bared their souls to the depths. We, the older children, sat downstairs and listened near the stairway to the excited voices above. We felt that something important, decisive, was happening. What was it? Each insisted on his or her own truth — she on the welfare of the children, he on the freedom of the spirit.

'Did we understand at that time what our father was saying? No, we did not. But I felt somehow that we ought to follow him. We understood our mother even less. It seemed to us that she should submit and control herself.

'Still more suffering followed for these two, who so loved each other. Tolstoi wanted to transfer legally all his property to his wife. She rebelled and asked protestingly: "You think property is evil, and yet you want to burden me with it?" They finally made the following compromise. Acting as if the father of the family were dead, Tolstoi's property was divided into ten parts. Iasnaia Poliana remained in possession of Sophia Andre-

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evna and my youngest brother, Ivan, or Vanichka. Each of us now owned a share, and father was only our guest. A new life began for him. His friends were Chertkov, Biriukov, Gorbunov. Sophia Andreevna honestly tried to be kind to them, and this was a great joy to my father.'

Then scarlet fever carried off the youngest child, Vanichka, in whom the old couple seem to have concentrated all their passionate love. 'He was a rarely gifted child. This sorrow definitely upset my mother's life. Her spirit was broken — it never had been strong. In a letter to her sister she mentions insanity. "Nonsense," was Tolstoi's reply to her fears. Nevertheless her mental condition seemed to tie him closer to the house. It became more difficult to leave home; he felt that he must be her guardian. Meanwhile friends wrote to him about his inconsistency, and reproached him and accused him of wavering in his beliefs. These letters served him as guides to check up on his own conduct. But leave he could not. He waited constantly for some outside force to cut the Gordian knot.

'My mother's sick soul rebelled. She tried to find oblivion in music, in new friendships. In vain! "I never loved anyone but him," she told me later, shortly before her death. "No other person's handshake ever thrilled me." Her acute mental ailment developed rapidly. Its central point was egoism. All her attention was now concentrated on herself. Formerly all self-sacrifice, she presently thought of no one else. She began to be jealous of her husband's attachment to Chertkov. She was constantly searching in his papers. She demanded that he cross out every unfavorable mention of her from his diaries. She had a terrible paroxysm of hysteria because she did not want Tolstoi to attend the Peace Congress in Stockholm. She often thus lost control of herself. Her fits of temper prevented my father from working, all of which he tried to take as a just punishment for his sins. "I want to combat Sonia with love and kindness." Once he came back late from Meshcherskoe, where Chertkov lived, and found her in an unusually violent mood. "Sonia is excited again," he wrote in his diary. "A terrible night." Many did not believe in her illness, and thought that she pretended hysteria in order to get her way.

'When Tolstoi wrote his will it was the first secret he ever had kept from his wife. But she scented its existence and began a search for it. She looked for letters. Lev Nikolaevich, desiring to keep no truth from his diary, started a new one. This was another torture to her. She suspected, she searched, she walked around at night, lost her sleep and watched him secretly. Life became an inferno for him — and he was already a very old man of eighty-two. Yet when his married daughter persuaded him to make her a visit for a rest, he wrote in his diary: "I am sad without her. I fear for her." On October 25, shortly before his escape, he wrote: "I still have the same heavy feeling. But neither can I leave — I pity her. All night long I dreamed of my hard struggle with her. On and off I woke and slept — the same thing all the time." On the last night that he spent in his house he went to bed at two o'clock in the morning, then heard a rustling — somebody was walking about and handling papers. A feeling of revolt seized him. He arose, awakened Dushan Makovetski, and left the house.

'When she learned what he had done, Sophia Andreevna threw herself into the pond. She was rescued. New attempts at suicide followed. A doctor and a nurse were brought to Iasnaia

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Poliana. She tried to starve herself. Then we wrote to father. He replied, thanking us for the letter and for our kindness, but said firmly. "I cannot do otherwise. Forgive me all I have done to you. I had no strength to act otherwise. Communicate through Chertkov. I fear that Sonia may find me. To meet her would be terrible to me."'

Then came his final illness at Astapovo. How the family suffered that evening when Bulgakov came to announce that Lev Nikolaevich was very ill, that Chertkov sent him with that message, but that he was forbidden to disclose Tolstoi's whereabouts! 'I did not sleep all night. I could not imagine where to look for him. In the next room my mother cried and moaned. An unforgettable service was rendered us by a complete stranger, a certain Orlov, correspondent of the *Russkoe Slovo*. A telegram from him came the following morning, saying: "Lev Nikolaevich is at Astapovo. Temperature 104°."

'I wakened my mother and my brothers. We reached Astapovo and stayed in a railway coach that was sidetracked for us. We decided not to go to his room, thus making it easier for her not to go there. But when at last he asked for me, I ran to him breathlessly, fearing he would ask me about mother — I never lied to him. But he worded his question so that I did not have to evade the truth. "With whom is mother now?" he asked me. "With my brothers. They and sister are with her now." Then I asked him if talking of her was not too painful for him. He replied with much energy: "But what else could be of more importance to me now?" I began to wait on him. I longed for him to call in mother. But he would say in his delirium: "Escape — escape — she 'll overtake me —" and he wanted the window shades to be closely drawn because he fancied a woman's face stared in from the outside. He asked me to telegraph to Iasnaia Poliana: "Please keep mother from coming. My heart will not stand meeting her." But in the night he said: "Much will be charged to Sonia. Unjustly." "You want to see Sonia?" I asked him, "do you?" But he answered me no longer, and I did not insist, fearing I might extinguish the weakly flickering flame. Brother Sergei came into our coach on the sixth of November. Father was much worse. Before we reached the little station-building mother overtook us. Father was unconscious. She sat down at his pillow and whispered loving words to him. She begged him to forgive her, to forget. Several deep sighs answered her. Then all was still. My father lived no longer.

'I purposely refrain from speaking of Lev Tolstoi as a world genius. I am speaking of my father, of two hearts and the drama between them. Mother survived him for nine years. She also died in November, and also from pneumonia. Her death was calm, peaceful, and submissive. During her last years she was always very quiet and calm. The thing for which my father had so longed came true. She drew much nearer to his beliefs, became a vegetarian, and was extremely gentle to everyone. During her last illness she spoke incessantly of my father and of Vanichka, the youngest son, whom she had lost. Such were the lives of these two people.'

After Tatiana Lvovna had finished, a long pause ensued before the audience rose.

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A BARD OF AN ELDER AGE: A SYMPOSIUM[1]

IN MEMORY OF CARL SPITTELER

On the eightieth anniversary of Carl Spitteler's birth the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* published a special supplement in memory of this greatest of Swiss poets, to which several well-known writers of Swiss birth, or residing in Switzerland, contributed. Jonas Fränkel described thus the poet's early struggles and long neglect.

'Spitteler was thirty-six years old when for the first time he held his earliest volume in his hands. It was the fruit of thirteen years' unceasing labor. . . . It had matured in solitude, sheltered from all that was worldly, nourished only with his own heart's blood. . . . During his ten years in Russia it had been his constant preoccupation. . . . He had written many versions of his visions as they came to him in the fervor of inspiration. But he could not conquer his aversion to desecrating these whisperings of the soul with the coarse speech of every day. He felt that if he only surrendered himself completely to these visions long enough, inspired words to clothe them adequately would at length be granted him.

'Thus he accumulated a mass of variations. Years were passing. His youth already lay behind him, but the hour for final composition seemed not yet to have struck. His repressed talents — music and painting — continually tortured his soul. At length a sudden crisis ended his torment. On his way back from Petrograd in the spring of 1879 he visited an art gallery at Munich. As he looked at the paintings there, remorse and humiliation for a youth fruitlessly sacrificed to poetry overcame him. Goethe's bitter couplet flashed into his mind: —

Hast deine Kastanien zu lange gebraten,
Sie sind dir alle zu Kohle geraten.

[If you roast your chestnuts too long, you will find only cinders left.] So, conquering his self-distrust and hesitation, he made a vow to have a book in print by his next birthday.

'He kept that vow. In April 1880 the manuscript of his volume was completed. By a tremendous effort of will he had conquered his inveterate inhibitions. What he had once promised himself to do, while listening to Beethoven's Opus I, had been accomplished: the work that he offered to the world needed no apology. *Felix tandem* [Happy at last] he wrote on the first sheet. . . .'

But the confident poet now met a rebuff. The first four publishers to whom he submitted the manuscript would not accept it, and the fifth to whom he applied, a comparatively modest firm in Aarau, took it only on condition that the author himself pay the cost of publication and renounce all right to royalties.

This first volume, *Prometheus and Epimetheus*, received as cool a welcome from the public as from the publishers. But rarer minds greeted it with compensating warmth, notably the Swiss poets Gottfried Keller and Joseph Widmann. Indeed, such earlier recognition as the book received was largely due to the latter's efforts.

[1] From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *April* 26

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'This maiden work remained Spitteler's masterpiece, even after the publication of *Olympian Spring*. All those who in the course of time came to recognize the profundity of Spitteler's genius have emphasized the incommensurable quality of this supereminent work. Many of these admirers have been quiet and retiring natures, who pursued their own paths aloof from the Vanity Fair of popular literature. To one of these, the poet Ranier Maria Rilkes, the *Prometheus* was an overwhelming experience, as it was to Romain Rolland: "If men could give the gift of speech to nature, then nature would speak as does Prometheus."'

Hermann Burte and Albert Steffen add their testimony as to the profound influence that Spitteler's poetry has had upon their own life and work, but no tribute lifts so high a note as Romain Rolland's. Is that writer's admiration due in part to the exceptional circumstances under which he and the Swiss Epic Bard were brought together? He describes their first meeting thus: —

'My acquaintance with Spitteler began in April 1915. The Great War had raged for eight months. For eight months I had fought alone the bitter battle I ironically called *Au dessus de la Mêlée*, a battle that — whether right or wrong is not for me to say — my conscience and my soul forced me to fight. When I met him who had sacrificed his life for his soul, — the hero *Prometheus*, — I was fired by a lightning flash of joy and emotion. I was no longer alone; I had found a master and comrade.

'I wrote at once to Spitteler. It was shortly before his seventieth birthday. I told him how much I admired his poem for the twofold radiance that shone forth from it — the radiance of freedom and of beauty. "Reading your books in this tragic hour is to me like seeing the dark clouds that lower over Europe roll asunder, revealing a radiant heaven of peace and eternal majesty above. In the midst of the bitter struggle that rends us, I greet in you the heroic cheerfulness of exalted art."

'On the very next day he answered me: "We are spiritual brothers in more than one respect — in our way of thinking like Europeans, in our effort to be just to every nation . . . And there is as much that is alike in our writings as in our lives. Your *Jean-Christophe* — when my wife read it she exclaimed: 'Astounding! Just as if you yourself had written it!' And then your fine, free attitude in religious matters — and above all, our common admiration for Beethoven."

'These lines reached me in Geneva, where I was working for the International Bureau for War Prisoners. Europe's mad fury had reached a climax. The so-called educated and cultured classes of every country outrivaled each other in violence and madness. France was scourging *ces bons esprits secondaires*, Kant, Goethe, and Heine! In Germany they were boycotting Spitteler. He received insulting letters every day that he threw into his "aquarium," as he jokingly called a great glass dish from which he fished them out from time to time for his amusement. I was no better off. I was bombarded by a drumfire of folly and misunderstanding. French newspapers accused me of betraying France. German newspapers held me responsible for "prolonging the war through my writings." But it is useless to dwell on that. I said what I felt I must say. I ended my series of articles in the *Journal de Genève* and hastened away to get a breath of pure air in immortal art.

'I took the *Prometheus* with me to Thun. For a month I lived in that book as in a fortress. Everything else

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fell away from me — the clamor of war, the raving of Europe. I heard only the twittering of the swallows, the murmur of the Aar between its reeds, the rippling of emerald waters, the sough of silvery, shimmering trees, and the happy footsteps of *Pandora*, who laughed in rivalry with the stream. "And night and peace were around her, and the stars sparkled with bluish light above her head, and no sound reached her ear out of the boundless universe except her own light footfall."

'I was enraptured. I felt myself wafted away beyond the boundaries of my century. For the first time since I was born I had come upon an immortal work by one of my contemporaries — the first except *War and Peace*. But *War and Peace* wears the features of its time, the hundred masks of one day and one night of human history, while Spitteler's poetry transcends all temporal limitations. The creative master fashions both time and being to his purpose; he does not obey them. He is king in the universe of the soul. These glorious epics are kinsmen of the great books of Vedic India and Homeric Hellas. I supposed the race of creative heroes was extinct. It is extinct today. He was the last — a solitary survivor. When he finally found himself famous it was on account of a speech — a political speech!

'He used to say with a smile: "My career as a politician — an hour and a half of my life! — a point, nothing more!"

'Men did not trouble themselves about the rest of that life, and did not read his works. I recall a fragment of conversation that I heard one evening at a banquet in Geneva where Spitteler spoke.

'"Have you read him?"

'"No. And you?"

'"Oh, no" (sarcastically). "In the first place, poetry's too high, too much above me; and then I'm not a German" — (interrupting himself) "*Bravo*!"

'I visited Spitteler at Lucerne late in August 1915. He stretched out both hands to greet me and received me with warm cordiality. Beethoven's spirit was present at our meeting. He was our mutual friend. As young men we both had followed in his footsteps, *duca e maestro*. He had been the hero who inspired us. Spitteler told me that when in his seventeenth year he first resolved to become a writer he promised himself he would not publish anything before his Opus I was worthy to stand by Beethoven's Opus I.

'He spoke of music with shining eyes. I said: "How strange! It seems to me that you are more of a painter than a musician!"

'His ardent face instantly darkened. "I do not speak of painting. I don't want to. It touches an old wound not yet entirely healed. For that reason I do not like to look at pictures. They hurt me. But music I can listen to, and I surrender myself to it."

'If I understood him rightly, his father forbade him, when he was sixteen years old, to become a painter. I told him that my father had also forbidden me, when I was sixteen years old, to become a musician. His countenance brightened again, and a new bond of sympathy united us.

'He admitted that his passion for painting did reveal itself in his works. Before he began to write things down he must first form a clear picture in his mind of all the details of the scene, the atmosphere, the different tones and grounds. "I must be able to see it."

'But when I mentioned the *Pandora* episode, my favorite part of his work, and said how it impressed me with the fact that Nature had been his constant guide and that he lived immersed in her, he made a protesting gesture: "With-

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out my trying to do so . . . Nature is not my affair. My telescope is focused on the distance, on the clouds, symbols — metaphysical worlds, as they now call them. Flies dart between my lenses and the clouds; I chase them away, but they keep coming back, and I sometimes catch them." Then he added: "I have always thought, and always known, that it is wrong to say that the idealists see reality less clearly than the realists. They see it much clearer. To use another metaphor, — which I have employed before, — one can see what occurs outside through the window of a well-furnished house just as well as through the window of a vacant house."

'An expression flitted across his countenance as of a man gazing into the uttermost depths of his soul without fear or giddiness. He gazed, but he did not speak. Some instinct cautioned me not to ask what the vision was. He might have answered, like Goethe, "As if I knew!"

'I told him that some phrases in his poetry were hard for me to understand. He fancied I meant thoughts, and answered, "Much remains obscure even to me." When that genius which Faust named the earth-spirit took possession of him, the power of its control exceeded the compass of his reason. But Spitteler did not shrink shuddering back like Faust from the spirit he conjured.

'"I am not afraid of things," he answered, half in irony, half in irritation, when, as he was accompanying me back to the railway station, I asked him, in my desire to spare him unnecessary fatigue, if he was not afraid of the sun. No, he was not a man to fear things, this scion of rugged Switzerland. "I have one remedy for all the ills of life — courage, not to fear."

'His smile bade cheerful defiance to fate, even when his spirit left him on the border of the Great Unknown.

. . . ein unvergänglich
Glückselig lispelnd Lächeln, leuchtend lebenslänglich;
Und mag hinfort ihm jedes Leid das Schicksal bringen,
Das Lächeln auszulöschen soll ihm nicht gelingen.

[An imperishably merry, dimpling smile lighting all life's pathway; and whatever sorrow fate may bring him henceforth, it will never extinguish that smile.]

'I met him again at Lausanne late in the summer, not long before the Geneva celebrations. He looked haggard and weary. He complained of the crowd of admirers who had suddenly flocked around him and were taking all his time. He asked me how I managed to get rid of such people. I answered that I had succeeded in being unpopular. He laughed heartily and envied me this advantage. He confessed he was somewhat mortified over his little essay into politics, like Lamartine, whom he cited to illustrate his idea of what a poet ought not to do. None the less, he was gratified at the approval Geneva showed him. The memory of that was like a ray of sunshine. He confessed that he wanted to live several years more and enjoy life, which he found good and beautiful. It had not always been so.

'I talked with him about his *Prometheus*. I told him that I had detected in this first masterpiece his personal sadness and sorrow, but that in his *Olympian Spring*, the work of his golden maturity, his harvest home, everything was light and radiance. He answered with thrilling earnestness: "Youth is not happy. People always speak of it as a happy time. That is not true. For man, at least, youth is a fearful period, especially in a land so narrow morally and mentally as our own."

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'He recalled several memories of that period, and I related some of my own. We told each other that life was not long enough, that it withered and vanished just when men began to understand it and truly to enjoy it.

'In the evening a little group of writers gathered at our genial host's, and we talked literature. But "literature" bored him almost as much as politics. He took me by the arm and led me to a little parlor to play something for him. I played Monteverde, old Italian and German songs from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the Ritterballet of Beethoven. We exchanged assurances of friendship in a low voice, and when we separated I embraced him.

'I find the following words in my diary, which I wrote that night immediately after reaching my lodgings: "I think constantly of the dear old man on whose weary face the hand of death is already writing its farewell lines, and I am happy and sad at the same time to have learned to know him so late. He is the first living poetic genius whom I have ever met. But why must he be seventy-one years old and I fifty before we knew each other? Why are we to be permitted to walk together such a short distance?"

'This is the miracle of a genius: that his life cannot perish, because he has distilled from it its immortal element. The contents of his days, his joys and his sorrows, his sophrosyne, he leaves behind him refined and purified in his art, and his art lives on forever.

'From that time our paths wandered, sometimes nearer and sometimes farther apart. I rarely wrote him and seldom saw him. The stream of his poesy filled the valley with his music. Whenever I paused a moment in my own thinking and working I listened to its murmur — especially during these first months in which everything about him was new to me. During 1915 not a day passed that I did not devote an hour to his writings, to seeking to fathom him.'

Rolland's description of the effect of Spitteler's great masterpiece upon him is itself a prose poem: —

'At first *Prometheus and Epimetheus* gripped me strongest, precisely because of its racy harshness, its chaotic aspect the pungent power of its penetrating juices that well forth as from the trunk of a broad-branched oak. Here a luxuriant jungle of myths, similes, and parables, there reveling in symbols that might have been borrowed from a mediæval bestiary — or again, oh joy! the incomparable beauty of that symphony, that Swiss pastoral, *Pandora!* It suggested Beethoven, in all the fiery inspiration of his youth, yet already rich in experience, with Herculean hands shaping the plastic material to his will as in his last quartettes.

'Then I followed down the stream and saw, as from the mouth of the rugged mountain canyon of *Pandora*, the broadening valley below, "black shadows vanishing in the sunshine flood," to where, circled by its mighty garland of mountain pinnacles, the stream widens in silvery beauty toward the sea, winding broad and peaceful through the land of the gods — the *Olympian Spring*. No longer is the theme dominated by the personal tragedy of Prometheus. No longer does the ear catch the cry of conquered anguish. The hot, pungent, aromatic originality of his maiden work has vanished. Here one detects mature control and mastery, the guiding intellect in its full creative power. But what luxuriance of dreams, visions, inventions, both lofty and beautiful, and all new and unhackneyed, welling up spontaneous, vigorous, and pure as a fresh mountain spring! The glory of

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June in the mountains and the star-strewn firmament above! A whole new world of myths and gods! It is intoxicating.

'For more than forty years, as long as I have known Switzerland, I have dreamed of a great Swiss poet who should be not only a national minstrel, like Gottfried Keller, but also an interpreter of Nature's mighty moods, of her clouds, her eternal snows, her dashing mountain torrents, her crags and abysses. Here he is at last. Who but a Swiss genius could have painted the mighty ascent of the gods from the darkness of Hades to Olympus, until they meet, halfway up the dizzy height, the ancient gods sweeping down upon their avalanches, with King Cronus on his charger plunging like a mighty boulder into the depths of the abyss? I follow at the heels of the Olympians, I climb, I hear Hebe, the shepherdess, hollowing her hands before her mouth like a shell and yodeling "*Juchhe!*" And soon the light air of the summit, in which the seven charming daughters of the good King Uranus hover, surrounds us. I am filled with an ecstasy of joy and well-being such as I have scarcely ever derived from a literary work. With what shall I compare it? I think of Ariosto, of Dante, of Mozart. The magic of this art seems to transform the words themselves into scents and colors. But new visions constantly draw us forward, new landscapes of the earth and of the soul, a whole empire of dreams extending from one pole to the other. The poem unfolds like a cycle of brilliant symphonic variations. As I write these words I think again of Beethoven, of his mysterious art of drawing from a single theme endless variations, a whole series of musical bas-reliefs representing every phase of feeling and beauty. It is thus that I see the twelve great variations of the *Hohen Zeit* in the *Olympian Spring*, an ocean of music, fathomless, boundless. I have just opened the book again. It is difficult to tear myself away from it. I would sail upon that ocean for years and years. Why ever return? Life is there in all its abundance, with its depths and shadows, but also with its light eternally playing upon the laughing waves.

'Long after this Olympic symphony, with its brilliant orchestration, I read the third epic, *Prometheus the Endurer*. I found him again the hero of the earlier period, but far more tragic, because here stripped of the adornments of a luxuriant dream-life, the drawing more classic, more condensed, in the fewest possible lines, bared of every unessential — but with no sacrifice of rich experience both bitter and ennobling, boundless peace attained through boundless suffering. I know nothing that is at the same time so mournful and so cheerful as the final song, *Der Sieger*. Since the first Prometheus, age has crept over him and the victor knows the ashen taste of fame. Man wins here the highest victory — complete self-mastery, without fear and without hope.

'We recognize in mighty outlines the drama of the soul, the individual soul, who without false illusions, and yet calm and self-assured, defies the Angel of God and rejects with scorn the conscience he offers in barter. The anger of the Lord turns against the proud rebel. Years of persecution and of dark solitude follow. But then in the hour when the enemy invades the Kingdom of God, when men waver in defense of that Kingdom, when conscience itself proves traitor, then persecuted, outlawed, lonely Prometheus is the one who rescues the Son of God. With no joy in the contest, with no thought of reward, without even hope of justice, he obeys the behest of his soul, of the soul whose glamour no

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longer enthralls him, but whom he now loves without illusion. . . . The soul who deserted him in his years of suffering, who demanded that he renounce all the joys of the world, who exacted everything from him and gave him nothing, and who finally, when the hour of victory comes, a victory that no longer gives him joy, deserts him, her friend, her loyal liegeman, on the threshold of death. And yet he does not reproach her. He loves her, and were it all to be lived over he would do it again. Absolute stoicism, yet with such abounding, heroic love and manly pride that it affects one like an intoxicating drink.

'Intoxicating only for the strong, and they are not many. We can understand the hostility with which the mediocre greet this poem. It is almost better that such a masterpiece should remain uncomprehended, unknown, to the common herd. For it would extinguish their hope — and this ardor of the soul, which such a masterpiece brings in hope's stead, is too intense for the weak hearts of average men.

'Spitteler is the greatest of the Swiss. Never before has his country produced such an heroic figure in the world of art and thought. The Homer of our age, the greatest German poet since Goethe, the only master of the epic during the three centuries since Milton died! But far lonelier than either in the art of his age. I envision him like a solitary, towering mountain in the Alps, an entire mountain from foothills to summit, and each can take from him what he can appreciate — the flowers of his meadows, the fruits of his orchards. Each can find in him the spring to slake his thirst, the shade for noontide repose and dreams. But while you quaff from the spring and repose in the shade, high, high above you tower into the distant blue abyss the black aisles of his pine forests and his inaccessible snow-peaks.'

A MARCH THROUGH CANNIBAL LAND[1]

BY CAPTAIN J. E. T. PHILIPPS

THE Congolese country, which lies on the equator directly west of the Edward Nyanza, has been until recently known as *la région mystérieuse*. Its neighbors are the Great Divide of Africa and the Mountains of the Moon, whence spring the ultimate sources of the Nile.

From northeast to southwest, Lake Edward is fifty miles across. Natives call it Ruitta-Nzige, 'it kills locusts,' from the swarms which fall into it when flying across. From the western shore a grim forbidding mountain-wall rises from the water's edge. The wild broken country above lies over ten thousand feet above sea level. A clear-cut line of cloud is nearly always lying along the mountain-flanks, about halfway between the water and the hilltops. Thus the top and the bottom of the mountain-wall are very visible, while the middle is obscured.

Lake Edward lies in the Great Divide or Albertine Rift. Here is the end of Eastern Africa. Here Western Africa begins.

The map of Lake Edward is not

[1] From *Review of Reviews* (London Liberal monthly), *March* 14, *April* 15

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helpful to would-be explorers, whose eyes are lifted to the hills, and whose faces are set toward the edge of the great equatorial forest in the west. The fact that only five names figure upon the map, isolated specks in the white blank of the unknown, testifies to its remoteness and evil reputation.

The name of the country, we read, is Changu. In it three place-names only are set down. They are Bunga, Mokogoma, and Kanika. The fifth inscription reads 'inhabitants — Bakonjo.' These Bakonjo are far-famed as cannibals.

For many years that blank space upon the map had called from afar. Now for some weeks I had looked out from the cool southern scarp, over the gloomy steaming Maramagambo forest, across the shimmering waters of Lake Edward lying in the trough of the Great Divide. In the plains beneath one could mark the courses of the winding frontier-rivers. Their names do not belie them: Mchuera river of 'flies,' Katosi river of 'mud,' and Ishasha river of 'pain.' Herds of elephant and buffalo, unmolested for a decade save by rinderpest, can be seen feeding peaceably near the salt pans. The still waters of the inland sea are broken by the heavy antics of great troops of hippopotami, which are here more fearless and more numerous than anywhere else on earth.

For over ten years these plains on the eastern and southern shores of the lake have been closed and deserted by reason of the dreaded scourge of sleeping-sickness, and even now the tsetse fly, which carry it, are still infected.

In the plains are the little pools of Kikeri, unmarked in any map, with its islands of floating papyrus. All round the pools is open country, and firm turf with short clean grass stretches down to the water's edge.

A homesick native, whose ancestors are buried in this now deserted land, accompanied us. He is of the Mu-Hororo clan *Injubu*, — that is, his totem is the hippopotamus, — and it is reputed that the hippopotami of Kikeri will answer to his call. I admitted incredulity. On our arrival just before dawn there was no sign of life in the pools. Our guide stood on the gently sloping bank and looked out over the face of the waters. He raised his hands to heaven and lifted up his voice, gently at first, then with low-throbbing sound, rising and falling quickly in intensity. 'O Baal, hear us!' I thought, as he cried and called appealingly to the invisible. He continued thus for something under two minutes. The tropical dawn was rapidly flooding the dim papyrus-pool with reddish light. Then the waters seemed to tremble as if moved by some subterranean force. One little wave rolled across and lapped gently home beneath our feet. Quite suddenly, at ten feet from us, a mighty head of Behemoth rose to the surface gently blowing and grunting. He held his breath and seemed to regard us with frank curiosity, quite unafraid.

Within five minutes the pool was full of great snorting water-horses. We sat and watched them. In fact, we ate our breakfast by the bank. There were twenty-eight of them, and it was only when after half an hour the sun made its heat felt that the animals made off gradually to the papyrus side of the pools. Though we badly needed cooking-fat, I had not the heart to shoot; but oddly enough, our 'priest' showed no disapproval of the idea of 'sacrifice.'

Once one has climbed from Edward up the lofty marginal wall of the Divide, the Changu country is found to be a mass of volcanic complications, with no clear system of ranges or valleys — a wild, tumbled, precipitous country,

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stretching away as far as the eye can see. The little mountain-tracks, more dusty than stony, wind up often for five hours' continuous climb. They are so steep that one often is forced to use both hands and feet. And then down again they go, so steeply that, after rain, one false step may send one slithering down on greasy mud two hundred feet or more into some rocky gully. Twice we lost carriers killed by such accidents. One little plateau which we wished to reach for observation stood about eight hundred feet above us. It took us two whole days to reach, so deep and 'unexpected' are the ravines.

Not knowing what to expect here, we had taken the precaution to be self-supporting, carrying our own dry food on the heads of our own alien porters from British Ruanda. The people were very suspicious, and sometimes extremely truculent. No road runs through their isolated mountain-country, for what little native traffic there may be from north to south passes far below them, by canoe across Lake Edward. The country is more interesting than attractive — to march in.

The 'BaChangu' file their teeth to a point. They are on evil terms with their neighbors, who call themselves BaNyema and BaHundé.

On the west of the Divide large tracts of country have been wholly depopulated by raids of cannibal peoples from the northwest Dark Forest game-tracks, across which slimy forest-suckers, thick as one's arm, hang interlaced with octopuslike tentacles, and wind unexpectedly into deserted clearings in the hidden valleys. Off the beaten track only a compass can save one. Pushing one's way, almost blinded by sweat and stung by rank poisonous vegetation, which has sprung up upon once flourishing sites, one stumbles into the light at small choked clearings. In this once populated and now deserted zone one's feet are sometimes apt to light unwittingly upon grim relics of the past and to grind into their eternal powder small heaps of bleaching skeletons which are hidden beneath the riot of encroaching jungle-plants. Bones of children, too, can be seen, mingled with those of adult size. Our natives murmured uneasily when we passed across these old and blood-stained tracks. Their fathers and mothers in their time had been driven from these sad village sites.

Both my own two natives and myself asked frequently who or what tribe it was that had been responsible for these wholesale devastations. In each case those whom we questioned would shoot out their lips toward the west and, keying their voices to that high note which among these peoples betokens great distances, reply, '*Ba-Liokwo.*' And always afterward as we traveled laboriously through the forest we asked, 'And how many days are we from the country of the Ba-Liokwo?' And always the reply was, 'Not yet.' Until one day, when we had passed through two tribes of quite different language and appearance, our new carriers replied, turning *eastward*, 'BaLiokwo.' These notorious people seemed annoyingly elusive. The secret may be that the people whom we first asked for information feared to allow the real ill-omened name of their fathers' devourers to pass their lips, or that they still feared them too much to speak of them lest a worse thing befall them. Or it may be that the word is perhaps not the proper name, *Ba-Liokwo*, 'people of Liokwo,' but rather *bali-okwo*, which in neighboring Bantu tongues would signify 'they are — over there.'

However that may be, many of the tribes from the Edward Nyanza to the Upper Congo still have the appearance

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and show the traits of cannibals. Farther west, an old village chief by name Mkoko, who flattered himself with the title of *Sultani*, finding that I was not in the service of *his* government, confided, over a pipe of peace in the privacy of his house, that he had eaten of sixteen people in the famine days of his youth, 'when such meat was easier to come by than now.' He declared the flesh of man to taste pleasantly salt and to resemble that of sucking pig. It should be remembered that salt is a very scarce imported luxury in these forest countries. It must in fairness be added that the Sultani's candor was induced by large draughts of well-fermented banana beer and that it was late in the evening!

Both in Uganda and in the Congo cases of cannibalism have recently come to the notice of the authorities in out-districts. A cannibal has been prosecuted in Uganda since the war, and as recently as the tenth of August, 1922, the *Avenir Colonial Belge*, published at Kinshasha, contained a news headline, 'Government Chief murdered and eaten by his people.' The paragraph describes the killing and *eating* of the Congolese Chief Manghay of the Kasai by his subjects as a protest against his orders to mend the local roads.

It is, however, probable that since the war there have been more cases of cannibalism in Eastern Europe than in Central Africa. In the administered areas I was everywhere much impressed by the progress and benevolent methods of government by the Belgians under enormous difficulties. The BaChangu were neither friendly nor actively inhospitable, except one night when a hail of large round boulders suddenly hurtled into our camp from a mountain-top above our little grassy ledge. Happily we had played this mountain game elsewhere and had taken the precaution to settle ourselves for the night well back in the dead ground close to the steepest slope, so that we were more amused than alarmed by the demonstration. As we passed through their country the people usually left the villages and sat on the hilltops with their spears and shields, in convenient silhouette had we *wished* to molest them.

In Changu herds of elephants twice burst out of forest patches across our way, scattering our little caravan. On both occasions it was because they were being hunted by the natives with their heavy barbed drop-traps. The animals are pierced between the shoulders from above and, followed by their pursuers, drag the heavy block after them attached to the widening wound. The number of single-tusked elephants in this country is most remarkable. It is, I think, very possible that fighting, as one has seen them do, upon these steep slippery mountain-slopes they may sometimes 'crash' and break off a tusk. Neighboring native traders often bring in from the borders of the Changu country fine *single* tusks that they have bartered for clothing, beads, and salt. The farther we marched westward toward the great river-arteries whence civilization radiates, the more savage, the more truculent, and the less well-disposed we found the people. Incidentally they flatly refused to sell even the commonest domestic articles. Even at the blacksmiths' 'shops' I had the greatest difficulty in persuading them to sell me knives or other iron implements of which I wanted specimens to present to the British Museum.

They tried frequently and gratuitously to pick quarrels with my orderly and 'boy.' They wounded our headman in the arm at one stage of the journey because he would not sell them a cloth which they coveted. They were, in the latter part of the journey, surly

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and quite irresponsive to a cheerful greeting in their own tongue. During the middle stages of the march the porters whom we then had were careful to go out only in groups to collect dry firewood, — one of the rarest and most essential commodities in the sodden Congo forest, — and always carried diminutive bows and poisoned arrows in order, they alleged, to be able to protect themselves from attack and fight their way through, if necessary, when passing back to their homes through these intervening tribes. This is probably a relic of old tribal feuds.

Generally plantations were concealed at some distance from villages to avoid the theft or looting of the crops and fruit. Among the BaKumu, however, extensive gardens lie at each side of the track. With infinite pains the forest giants are felled with primitive iron knives. The trees are cut off about three feet from the ground and the stumps left in. Bananas, millet, or rice are sown between. So rich is the leaf-mould soil that no rotation of crops is necessary. The open gardens of the BaKumu, however, are not so 'open to the public 'or unprotected as they seem.

Round each clearing or plantation are stretched two bands of knotted banana-fibre. A curse is solemnly laid with elaborate and almost Egyptian ceremony upon each rope-cordon that 'whatsoever stranger, man, woman, or child of alien clan that shall break or penetrate the charmed circle shall be afflicted by varying lethal penalities.' In one village, they say, the curse descends in the form of blindness, in another of leprosy, in another of heart tremors; and yet again death by forest beasts, principally by leopard and by snake, is sometimes threatened or invoked. Such was the manifest terror of our sturdy alien porters and even of our few lads from Eastern Africa lest they should inadvertently break the bonds asunder as we marched, that, in the oppressive atmosphere of that dim, distant, and lonely forest, one had little wish oneself to take any unnecessary chances. Of two men who came to us, secretly, for treatment, one had leprosy and the other had been terribly mauled by a leopard. We naturally asked them how their ailments had happened or originated. Each alleged that he was 'spirit-smitten' — for breaking the charmed rope-cordon and bringing on himself its malignant 'electricity' in his efforts to get a square meal in his neighbor's 'vineyard.'

We were put on the track of the *okapi* by seeing a native wearing an unmistakable belt of okapi skin. We took immense pains to collect information about their local habitat and spent over a week hunting them. Once only we got a glimpse, and a running shot, in the dense undergrowth. This was just south of a line drawn from the north of Lake Edward to Kindu on the Lualaba, about halfway between these two points. It seems possible that this may be a new distribution of the okapi. At this time we had been marching for nearly two months continuously, doing an average of sixteen miles a day under trying conditions, up and down in hot, damp mountain-forests.

In these last days of intensive hunting from dawn to dusk I went down successively with heat-stroke and then with some form of cardiac exhaustion so acute that at the time I had no hopes of recovery. I watched fat poisonous spiders sidle jerkily up the walls and wondered whether I should be alive when they reached the ragged roof.

Meanwhile the porters, who could get no food from the local natives, were obliged to choose between starvation or abandoning us. The people became increasingly hostile as 'the white man'

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sank. They tried one night to force their way into the mud hut where I was lying, and attacked my two 'boys' who were lying on guard across the threshold. The porters luckily responded to a call for reënforcements, and the intruders fell back and faded again into the darkness of the jungle. Some of our 'loads,' however, had been forced open and, among other things, many of the best photographs were spoiled. The situation was in fact critical. The following morning the two 'boys' held solemn council together. The next night a silent little column moved stealthily away from the huts about midnight and disappeared in complete silence westward into a narrow forest-track. Some of the baggage had to be abandoned. They carried me themselves with infinite care in an improvised hammock.

I have a dim recollection of feebly admiring graceful palms against a rising moon as we emerged occasionally from the depth of the forest to slip furtively through sleeping villages. . . . Eventually we reached the banks of a navigable river, but by this time I had already lapsed into unconsciousness, as the heart's action had flared up from the jolting and then died down almost to zero.

Somehow they got me down to the Lualaba and to Ponthierville, where by an extraordinary chance a doctor, by name Olivier, happened to pass through the same day on his way up to Lake Tanganyika. He took over my prostrate form from the hands of a very kindly but quite pessimistic priest.

After about a month in a little wooden hospital at Stanley Falls I was able to crawl shakily about, and subsequently continued the journey to French and Portuguese territories.

One of my last recollections before my illness was of a little forest-village where an unmistakable imitation of a large and complete wireless telegraph apparatus appeared to have been set up across the little clearing. It was a most imposing sight as it towered over the squat mud huts of the little savage settlement. All the auxiliary paraphernalia had been faithfully reproduced. It transpired that the Chief's brother had made a classic journey down country to see the great metropolis of Stanleyville. He had heard much talk among the native soldiers of the new wireless then being erected there and of its air-borne mysteries. The lofty masts and aerials remained imprinted on his memory. On his return the villagers were so impressed by his report — which doubtless lost nothing in the telling — that they set to work to establish a very fine imitation as a potent tutelary fetish.

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AN HOUR WITH G. K. CHESTERTON[1]

BY FRÉDÉRIC LEFÈVRE

WE found the great Catholic pamphleteer in the quaint little house that he built after the war at Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire, some thirty miles from London. Top Meadow, as its name suggests, is built upon a little hill. It is constructed of red brick, and modeled after old English houses of the seventeenth century, lacking any upper story, with a roof that begins only a little way up from the ground.

We sat down in a huge living-room, in front of a fireplace in which tremendous logs were gayly crackling. On a little table in the centre of the room stood a statue of Notre Dame de Lourdes, marked by no particular beauty, while another statue of the Virgin, not so new and not so commonplace, stood on the mantelpiece.

Chesterton has retained all the freshness of spirit and all the enthusiasm of a child. His frankness, his simplicity, his courage, have made him extremely popular, and he has roused absolute confidence even among his opponents, because everyone knows that he is honest and follows his thought to the end. He was born in London, and after finishing his studies at St. Paul's School lived in the capital a good part of his youth.

In the early days of his career, G. K. Chesterton, like Bennett, Maxwell, and so many others, proposed to follow painting as a vocation. He attended the Slade School in London, but having been asked to write art criticism for the London *Bookman*, found that he so much enjoyed the discussion of ideas involved in criticism that he soon decided he was better fitted to wield the pen than the brush. In the meantime he began to feel a desire to live in the country, and rented a low-built house in Beaconsfield, with a flower garden all around it. Opposite the house, on the other side of the road, there was a field, which he bought and in which he built a grange. This became his study — an immense room in which he could walk for a hundred untroubled paces while searching for the right word. Later a stage was added at one end, where plays are sometimes given, but which ordinarily serves as a dining-room. The whole to-day constitutes Top Meadow, and the 'grange' has become the living-room where he received us. Chesterton's earliest memory is a little theatre that his father constructed with his own hands.

The pamphleteer's dwelling is as original as Chesterton himself, or his hair, or his garments, or his conversation. There is nothing conventional in him, on him, or about him. Talk with him, and you speedily discover a man whose existence is devoted to the destruction of the conventional, the unauthentic in English manners, customs, and ideas. He holds that happiness can be made a reality for the majority of mankind, but that 'in the seventeenth century "merrie England" took the backward path and turned to dark and sombre Puritanism. The simple joys of life, the taste for labor, the joy in daily toil, a

[1]From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *March* 21

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hearth with children playing around it, enough money for every day and a little hoard for old age, all these simple things came to seem as matters of no importance. As time went on, we escaped from the Puritan tyranny, but only to fall into another tyranny. People imagined that by flocking into cities and setting machines to work production would become greater and wealth and happiness would grow in proportion. They hastened to the populous, unwholesome quarters of factory towns, where it did not take them long to find that they were poorer than before.'

Happiness, as Chesterton so often repeats, can come only by natural means. One must avoid all extremes.

Chesterton's work is already considerable, though almost none of his books have been translated into French. We can read his *Orthodoxy* in our own language, but its delightful sequel, *Heretics*, is still waiting for a translator. Let us rejoice, however, that we can at least read in French the *Napoleon of Notting Hill*, *The Man Who Was Thursday*, and *The Ball and the Cross*, which, if taken together with *Orthodoxy*, give an adequate idea of Chesterton's talent and his personality.

The Ball and the Cross is one of his most complete works, and I do not hesitate to add, one of the best written. Chesterton seems to concern himself little enough with composition. Far be it from me to applaud that fact, but how can you ask a torrent of boiling lava to display the regularity of a canal? The amazing thing about this book, to which nothing in our literature can really be compared, is its dash, its furious movement, its joyous and abounding life. An atheist and a Catholic propose to fight a duel, but the most amazing adventures keep turning up to prevent them. The reader has the privilege of being present at a series of oratorical duels, — on journalism, on the pacifist spirit, and so forth, — for the two opponents divert themselves during the leisure imposed upon them while the police are on their trail by thrashing out the issues that divide them. Forbidding though the subject-matter may appear, there is a smile on every page, and frequently a hearty laugh. Stamped with all the characteristics of the most unreal of farces, the book nevertheless holds us with an interest quite as passionate as any tale can rouse by offering all those guaranties of credibility so dear to the heart of M. Paul Bourget.

But let us get back to the English countryside and to Top Meadow.

'Do you know,' said I to Chesterton, 'that you have a number of admirers — disciples even — in France, and that their number increases every day? Do you realize that men like Maritain and Massis, and others besides, envy me the interviews that I am having with you during my stay in England? Let me have a message of some kind for them. Reconstruct for me the evolution of your thought for the benefit of your French friends.'

Mr. Chesterton smiled. Mr. Chesterton smiles and laughs a good deal.

'Now you are asking something rather difficult. A man can write a book about his conversion, but a man cannot toss off an account of such an event in a casual conversation. But let me try it all the same. First of all you must understand that I was brought up in the atmosphere of what we call in England the "Broad Church" — the Church that Kingsley and Morris represented. At a very early date I began to take an interest in Liberal politics, the influence of which I still feel. Even now I call myself a Liberal, though most people deny me

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the name. Even before I became a Catholic, I was always an advocate of Irish freedom.

'I began my career as a pamphleteer during the Boer War, when with a few others I set up a violent opposition to that unhappy undertaking. Those were the days when Cecil Rhodes was a hero and when Kipling was at the height of his glory. During that campaign I came to know Hilaire Belloc. Both of us found ourselves in a rather queer position. We were both members of the group of young men who managed and inspired *The Speaker* and who fought against imperialism; but in that little phalanx Belloc and I constituted a minority which was in rather bad odor. The rest were fighting against imperialism pure and simple. They were fighting war because it was war. Any war was a bad war in their opinion. They were, in short, what you call defeatists in France and what we call pacifists in England. Belloc and I were fighting against colonial imperialism. We thought that England did wrong to fight against a little republic, and that the Boers were right in defending themselves. Even in the midst of the country's unpopular minority, we formed a minority more unpopular still.

'The first and most important event in my life was the struggle in Ireland, which made a deep impression on me. This was during the years between 1898 and 1901. Professor Eccles, who had replaced M. Rudler in the chair of French at the University of London, was one of my great friends and contributed not a little to developing my sympathy for your country, but the determining influence in my life was the founding by Hilaire Belloc and my brother Cecil of a periodical which they called the *New Witness*. What was there interesting about the *New Witness?* It was the only journal which deliberately set out to attack political corruption. We had a good many libel suits, of which the Marconi affair was the most famous. It would be hard to make a Frenchman understand the atmosphere of England before the *New Witness* was founded. It was good form to pretend to believe that politicians were not interested in the question of money. If that is no longer true to-day, the fact is largely due to the *New Witness*. If you had said, in those days, that a politician preferred one position to another because it was better paid, you would have stirred up a regular scandal. I wrote a good many satirical poems for

'G. K. C.'
As seen by 'Quiz' in the *Saturday Review*

the *New Witness*. I intend some day to write a history of the Marconi scandal, which is a good deal like your Panama affair.'

'So you have written poetry?' I asked.

'Alas, yes!' replied Mr. Chesterton. 'My first book was a collection of poems which I illustrated myself. Being barely twenty-five at the time, I wrote, of course, about the older generation, because I thought I knew everything that the graybeards were

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thinking. The title was *Greybeards at Play*. Here is a copy of my first sin!' And Mr. Chesterton showed me the book, with the poem on one side of the page, and on the other some highly amusing drawings. Then he went on.

'Do not forget that in those days I was out to be an artist. Since then I have, alas, produced other poems.'

'Why do you say "alas"?'

'I do, indeed, say alas. Does n't all the world write poems?'

Mrs. Chesterton explained: 'He says alas because poetry is what he likes best and he has not time enough to write.'

'In 1912,' went on Chesterton, 'I wrote a long poem of which a good many people are still very fond. It was called "The Ballad of the White Horse," and told the story of King Alfred's war against the barbarians. Toward the end there is a passage which is often quoted because in it I suggest a return to barbarism of the kind that your former Ambassador in London, M. Cambon, used to call "the barbarism of pedantry."'

Chesterton turned to the poem, and as he hunted for the passage kept grumbling to himself, 'What a terrible balderdash!' At last he found what he wanted and began to read. The poem as a whole is very beautiful.

'A friend to whom I read that in 1913,' Chesterton went on, — 'read it in pure self-defense, you understand, because I hate to read what I have written, — said to me, "I do not believe that this poem would be very popular in Germany!" My friend saw clearer than the rest of us. Over here this poem was extremely popular, being thoroughly English in form and spirit. Not long ago I wrote "The Legend of Saint Barbara," in which I have a good deal to say of the battle of the Marne. Just now I am writing an ode for the reunion of a debating society where in my younger days I used to occupy myself with public discussion. I was very young indeed when I was a member of this society. After all, the only poetry which is real fun to compose is the poetry addressed to intimate friends.'

I asked a question.

'Oh,' said Mr. Chesterton, 'so far as form is concerned I am very old-fashioned — very much behind the times. I employ all the old rhythms and I use rime —'

I asked another question.

'Drama is a rather big word,' replied Mr. Chesterton. 'My play, which is running just now in Liverpool, hardly deserves the word.'

'Don't ask him that kind of thing,' said Mrs. Chesterton. 'He hates to talk about himself. Bernard Shaw said to me the other day, while we were talking about this one-act play: "The rest of us call ourselves dramatists and have written play after play, but what does it all amount to? Chesterton has written just one, and yet he has dramatic technique at his finger-tips!"'

'You remember that study of mine on Dickens,' resumed Mr. Chesterton, 'in which I talk sometimes about the French Revolution, sometimes about the immortality of the soul, and sometimes about a hundred other things? That book has a certain historic interest. At the end of the nineteenth century the English had got into a habit of despising Dickens and finding a thousand faults in him. It was a fashion to which all the intellectuals, the decadents, and snobs of every stripe rallied; but since my study appeared, the fashion has changed. To my mind he, with Shakespeare, is the greatest genius England has produced. Let the rest of them bow before that fact, and afterward I do not mind all their fault-finding. But you do not get rid

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of a mountain by digging ditches into it.'

I asked about Belloc.

'Hilaire Belloc has written a good deal in very different styles,' said Mr. Chesterton. 'I think the best of his books is *The Path to Rome*. It is the story of a trip on foot across France. Then, too, there is his *Emmanuel Burden*, a satire on political corruption. But it is hard to prophesy what third of his works will survive. Belloc is too much engaged in the battle. He is fighting against certain vices, and once — thanks to his onslaughts — they have disappeared it will be harder to realize how valuable his pamphlets have been. His glory will vanish with the shame of the vices he attacks. His poetry, especially his sonnets, will certainly live.

'Belloc has a very great importance in the militant life of the Catholic Church in England. Many a convert would never have crossed the threshold but for him. His personal influence is enormous, and is primarily due to his astounding vitality and his extraordinary learning. How did he influence me and the others? By simply showing us the truth. He pointed out that the Catholic Church is there, like the gas lamp in the street. You pass by on one side, but if someone calls it to your attention you never afterward think of denying its existence.

'Belloc has an extraordinary gift of exposition. He is a born master of the art of teaching his equals. For example, at the beginning of the war he began a series of articles in *Land and Water* on the art of war. He showed what an army is, how it is formed and organized, all of which he knew better than anyone else because he had been in military service in France. He never left a single important aspect of the question in shadow. That is an unusual phenomenon over here.

'Yes, I have spent a good part of my life doing battle with Bernard Shaw. The struggle constitutes a national pastime in England. To see G. K. Chesterton and Bernard Shaw fighting is a favorite sport.

'There is a fundamental difference between Shaw and Wells. Shaw is at length awake to what the past means, and his *Saint Joan* is in that respect highly characteristic. Wells, on the other hand, is lost in the future. He has an extraordinary imagination, but his utopias are growing foggier and foggier, and sometimes even rather tiresome. He sees the future in rainbow hues, and in the countries which he imaginatively depicts everything is so monotonously charming and perfect that you get the idea that his subjects will go on strike — as soon as Mr. Wells leaves — to introduce a little diversity into their lives. I always think of him on his knees before his great-grandson — a rather ridiculous position. Shaw is just as grotesque as Wells, but Shaw begins to understand that the past exists. He has discovered the Catholic Church. He has waked up to the idea of its existence. The past is coming to life for him. In *Saint Joan* he recognizes the importance of the Middle Ages which we Catholics have been venerating for a long time. In spite of the fact that Wells has written an *Outline of History*, he ignores the existence of the past. His character being what it is, Wells runs a risk quite different from any Shaw runs. Wells always has an air of addressing ten million men. He thinks he is the voice of the modern world. Another difficulty with Wells is that if you start criticizing his philosophy of last week you find that your arguments do not apply to his philosophy of to-day. Is he evolving or going to smash? What an unstable spirit!

'Shaw is the reverse of a democrat.

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He never wants to have the same ideas as the mass, and even when he does think like the mass he does n't want to talk like it. He is the spirit of contradiction personified.

'Oh,' — this in answer to a question, — 'I do not like to talk of Hardy and Bennett. I cannot be fair to them, because I do not accept the philosophy which is expressed in Hardy and implied in Bennett. Being myself a born pamphleteer, I simply cannot be just to those who have a philosophy different from my own. The tragic element in Hardy's philosophy is that the Devil has made the world. To me that philosophy seems morbid. But Hardy is an excellent writer. *The Dynasts* is interesting as tragedy, but it is based on that false philosophy of which I have been talking. To me the struggle of Nelson and Napoleon is a clear example of conflict between two men. I see in it an epic battle of human wills. Hardy cannot see anything but the play of evil forces and determinism.

'The young men of to-day seem to be interesting writers, but rather morbid. They make me think of soldiers who have been upset by the war — like Aldous Huxley and Rose Macaulay. They have been released from a great many prejudices. They have lost, for example, the ordinary English skepticism, and I should not be surprised if they wound up in Catholicism. Aldous Huxley is the grandson of the great Huxley. Rose Macaulay is very clever. Michael Arlen, an Armenian, is of the same sort. The new attitude may be due to the psychology of the war. They are all horribly sensitive, and they satirize everything — the way in which you pick up your glass, the way you hang up your hat. In my opinion the characteristic of all these young people, good or bad, is that at least they are different from what we were. They react against the progressive optimism of Wells and Company, and I repeat that I should not be surprised if this led to Catholicism. Huxley already begins to talk something like that.

'Oh, yes, we too have suffered a wave of Neo-Buddhism and have had a good deal of trouble in resisting it. We have no solid Catholic bloc to stand in opposition. No words are adequate to express the horror I feel for this movement. They say over here that Buddhism includes all religions. That is what appalls me. I should greatly prefer the fetishism of some little island which at least fought to save the fetishes. I fight for things that have identity, and that is why I want to preserve dogma and cult. Christianity represents the idea that things exist with limits of their own. It is the will of God which has created different beings in order that they may recognize one another by their differences and may love one another if possible.

'I am going to speak now in a rather symbolic manner. I feel as if some great demon were trying to melt everything down in the same crucible and to make everything seem as if bathed in a single immense sea. We are going to resist that tendency, for it would abolish all lines of demarcation. This tendency is at the base of Bolshevism, which wants to abolish lines of demarcation in property; at the base of imperialism, which wants to include all countries in one; and at the base of Buddhism, which tells us that we must include everybody in a single religion, in one great soul. The individual who heads the movement here is Mrs. Annie Besant. Now, if there is going to be only one great soul, mine will have to amalgamate with Mrs. Besant's — and that, you will admit, is a damnable prospect!

'There is no sense in what the Hindus demand. The Egyptians and

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the Hindus are pedants. They use long words borrowed from our Latin vocabulary to claim for themselves the things that we have created. Are not democracies and parliaments the creation of our European Christian spirit? The Hindus and Egyptians lived a long time without so much as thinking of them, and now, all of a sudden, they get up and demand them from us! So I have no sympathy for them.

'I sympathize with people who ask for simple things, who demand their temples, their land, and their money; but when they turn pedantic and start asking for things cribbed from a European manual, I call that impudence.'

THE WORLD STATE

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

[G. K. C.'s Weekly]

Oh, how I love Humanity
With love so pure and pringlish;
And how I hate the horrid French
Who never will be English.

The International Idea,
The largest and the clearest,
Draws me to all the nations now
Except the one that's nearest.

This compromise has long been known,
This scheme of partial pardons,
In Ethical Societies
And small suburban gardens,

The villas and the chapels where
I learned with little labor
The way to love my fellowman
And hate my next-door neighbor.

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SONGS OF AN ELDER DAY[1]

BY CARL CLEWING

I INHERITED from my father a collection of old songs that I like to leaf over from time to time. It is a stout black volume bound in calico, in which my mother has inserted a carefully written index.

Here they all are, the dear old songs that were sung with enthusiasm in the houses of German burghers when the era of shell-decoration and plush upholstery was in its heyday — and all hearts beat higher for hearing them. The older generation may be glad to recall some of its forgotten favorites, and the younger generation may find in them examples of the kind of thing that delighted their mothers and their grandmothers.

Here is Franz Abt, who lived from 1819 to 1885 and who entered music by way of theology, ultimately rising to the post of Court Bandmaster in Braunschweig. The song by which he was best known in his own time was his *Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind* (Good night, my heart's own child), Opus 37, to a poem by Seyffardt. He dedicated his composition to Theodor Wachtel, opera singer at the Royal Prussian Court, who sang it as a prologue to the *Postillon von Lonjumeau*. The abundance of adaptations — which start with the accordion and reach their climax in a solo for trombone with orchestra accompaniment, and include no less than twelve transcriptions and fantasies for piano — shows the incredible popularity of the song. After the singer has celebrated the features of his beloved with the words *'da denk' ich an deine blauen Äugelein'* (then think I of your sweet blue eyes) and with *'da denk' ich an deine Locken die schwarz, ja schwarz wie die Nacht wohl sind'* (then think I of your ringlets that are black, yes, black as the night), he comes to the most effective part of all, —

which in the refrain rises pianissimo to high B. Next comes Opus 211, *Waldandacht* (Woodland Meditation), with the exquisite refrain, *'da gehet leise nach seiner Weise der liebe Herrgott durch den Wald'* (As was His way, the forest gray the dear Lord God passed through). From the same period as this composition dates No. 3 of Opus 213, which is based on a poem by Hermann Hersch, —

(Sleep well, sleep well, you sweet little angel, you), in which the melody hovers over an accompaniment of emotional broken cords. I find a song by Franz Bendel (1832–1874), who must be reckoned a participant in the musical life of his time, as he was for a long time a teacher in Kullak's Academy. His song runs, —

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *March 22*

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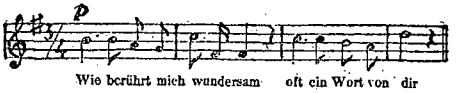
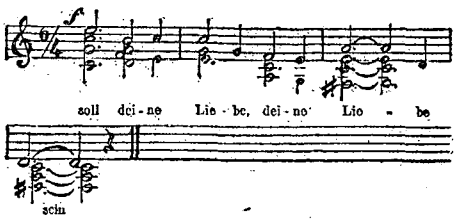


(How will a word from you oft charm me), to a text by H. Kletke, with a melody that delights the ear, supported by an effective piano-accompaniment, which is syncopated all the way through. Karl Bohm (1844–1924) is represented with three songs. The first is his *Frühzeit* (Opus 85), —

(Do you love me? Do you love me?), after a poem by Ferdinand Osten. It is 'dedicated with deepest respect to Frau Pauline Lucca von Rhaden, concert singer at the Royal and Imperial Court.' The accompaniment has some difficult eighth triplets all the way through. In his Opus 326, which alone contains a hundred numbers, I find two songs that are in their way rather different. One, for which he himself provided the poem, he describes as an Upper Bavarian folk song, *Schöne Liedle, ja die kenn' ich ganzer drei an der Zahl* (Pretty songs I know, three of them in all), and there is also the genuinely beautiful 'old German love song,' '*Still wie die Nacht, tief wie das Meer*,' (Still as the night, deep as the sea), —



(Your love, your love shall be).

Somewhat below the level of the other pieces is Hermann Brandt's Opus 18, —

(O time of May, O dream of love, what is so sweet as thou?), to a poem by Viktor Blüthgen, in which the accompaniment to the refrain has a series of embellishments — solemn fun-making, which repeatedly occurs in the copious piano literature of the period. One need only think of the *Gebet einer Jungfrau* (The Maiden's Prayer) by Thekla Badarzewska, the *Husarenritt* (The Hussars' Ride) by Spindler, *Die Petersburger Schlittenfahrt* (Sleighing in St. Petersburg), the *Reveil du lion* (The Lion's Awakening), *Klosterglocken* (Cloister Bells), and other popular salon-pieces. One must make quite another, and considerably higher, estimate of Friedrich Curschmann (1804–1841), who, in his beautiful song, *An Rose* (Opus 15, No. 1), to a poem by Friedrich Förster, refreshingly turns away from the usual pattern of four- and eight-beat periods through his own genuinely felt recitative. The first phrase of his song embraces nine measures!

(Awake, thou golden red of morn, and greet this bride of mine!) In my mother's room there still hangs a good lithograph of the composer, depicting him as a young man with beautiful

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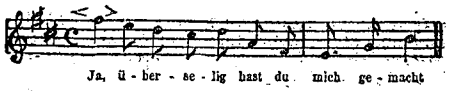
hair and the high satin cravat of his time. He was born in Berlin and spent the better part of his life there as a composer of songs and a popular singer.

Carl Eckert (1820–1879), who was born in Potsdam and became Court Bandmaster at Berlin, in his song



(Yes, you've made me too, too happy), to a poem by Hoffman von Fallersleben, has produced something which is powerful, charming, and effective even to-day, anticipating Henning von Koss — whom we shall presently consider — in the great conclusion. Eckert closes his song: *Um dieser Wonne ganz zu leben, muss Gott mir noch*

(If I am to live through all this rapture, God must give me another life.) The musical direction at the beginning runs, 'Slowly, very broadly, and with great feeling.' Next to Schubert's 'Wanderer' and Schumann's *Lotosblume*, the *Lied des Zaren* by Lorking, 'Archibald Douglas' by Loewe, and Flotow's 'Hymn to the Virgin' from *Alessandro Stradella*, 'The Two Grenadiers' in both versions, — one by Schumann and the other by R. G. Reissiger, — we find Jung-Werther's song from the *Trompeter von Säkkingen* by Nessler, and *Im Herbst* (In the Autumn) by Robert Franz (1815–1892), with its line, '*Die Heide ist braun, einst blühte sie rot*' (The meadow is brown which once bloomed so red), and *Widmung* (Dedication), with the line, '*O danke nicht für diese Lieder*' (Oh, do not thank for these my songs) — both to poems by Wolfgang Müller.

(O beauteous time, O blessed time), sings Carl Götze (1836–1887) in his Opus 160. He too must be counted among the Berliners, having been for a long time musical director at the Nowack Theater and at the Friedrich Wilhelm Städtisches Theater.

Gustav Graben-Hoffmann (1820–1900), who from 1869 on was an important singing-teacher in Berlin, published several books on technique which are worth attention, and he also wrote *Fünfmalhunderttausend Teufel* (Five times a hundred thousand devils), which the 'black' basso takes especial delight in singing.

Wilhelm Heiser (1816–1897) is the composer of the widely known *Grab auf der Heide* (The Grave on the Heath), with its *allegro con espressione* opening passage, '*Was stell'n sich die Soldaten auf?*' (Why are the soldiers falling in?) with its charming andante interlude, —

(Roses bloom on the lonely grave), and the continuation which goes allegro: '*Gar finster blickt der Kommandeur hinab zum jungen Deserteur*' (The fierce commander gave a look whereat the young deserter shook). I am only sorry that I cannot reproduce all of the immortal poem by F. Brunold, with its marvelous *Klappversen*. The kinds of poems that were written and sung with enthusiastic spirit we may see in Heiser's *Zieht im Herbst die Lerche fort* (In the fall the lark departs), in which the refrain goes: —

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The lark has songs but it has no tears,
The lark has songs but it has no kisses,
The lark has songs but it has no welcome,
The lark has songs but it has no smile.

Wilhelm Hill (1838–1902), who was from 1853 to 1866 Music Master of the Guard Fusiliers, though originally an opera singer, dedicated his song, *Es liegt eine Krone im grünen Rhein* (In the green Rhine there lies a crown), which is based on the poem by H. Dippel and has become almost a folk song, to his friend, Karl Hill, 'concert singer in the Grand-Ducal Court at Schwerin,' who was the first *Alberich* at Bayreuth. My mother used to tell a lively and amusing story of her wedding, which was solemnized in the Evangelical meetinghouse at Barmen, where so sinful an instrument as a piano was of course not available. One of my aunts sat down at the harmonium in order to accompany a wedding guest who was to sing the *Herz am Rhein*, but, when she came to the quick eighth notes, nothing but a gasping *s-s-s-s* arose from the pious but ineffective instrument!

Heinrich Hoffmann (1842–1902) — another Berliner, who from 1882 was a member and from 1898 a Senator of the Academy of Arts, whose original and quite characteristic musical expression is far beyond the conventionalities of his time — wrote a song to Julius Wolff's text on the 'Pied Piper of Hamlin': —

litt ich es nimmer. (If you were not a playerman, I should never stand it.)

Of the works of Friedrich Wilhelm Kücken (1810–1882), Court Bandmaster in Stuttgart, later a composer in Schwerin, who wrote the Thuringian folk song, *Ach, wie ist's möglich dann?* (Oh, how is it possible?), I find two examples in my father's collection. When I was a youngster the decorated cover of those songs interested me more than the music. The artist had made a really good lithograph for the 'Winter,' which was signed 'P. C. 1850,' and in which, next to the lines '*O Käthchen, mein Mädchen, o, bringe mir Wein*,' (O Katie, my lady, oh bring me some wine), there was a picture showing gnomes making music and building a snowman. I do not venture to assert that the drawing was the work of Peter Cornelius. On the cover of Opus 61, *Das Sternlein* (The Starlet), poem by Roquette, the dedication, 'To Her Majesty the Queen of Hannover, in deepest respect,' stands amid a frame of stamped-out stars. In the song there is the line, *Du kleines blitzendes Sternelein*, —

(You little gleaming starlet, what are you twinkling for to me?)

Eduard Lassen (1830–1904) was Court Bandmaster at Weimar from 1858 to 1895, and as such he was a contemporary in office with the young Richard Strauss. He wrote a number of widely sung songs, among them '*Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland, der Eichenbaum wuchs dort so hoch, die Veilchen nickten sanft*' (I had a fair fatherland, the oak tree grew so high there, the violet bowed so tenderly);

(It was a dream), from Heine's text, with a second verse 'introduced by the

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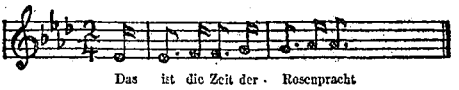
Grand-Ducal concert singer, Herr Schild,' '*Und als ich nun ins ferne Ausland kam, da war ein Mädchen zauberschön und blond von Haar zu seh'n*' (And as I came to a far land, there was a maiden wondrous fair and blond of hair). The modest statement that this second verse — which had been tastelessly manufactured out of Heine's text, and would be much better if left out altogether — had been introduced by Herr Schild is no longer mentioned in the new edition of the song.

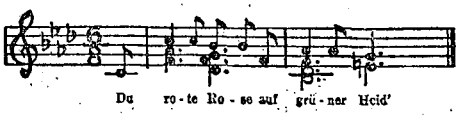
In any case it is no longer believed that the bungling poem is Heine's at all. The authorship was assumed to be known. With his fiery Opus 61, —



(This is the time of glorious roses), Lassen succeeded in writing his best song, while the one that draws the most tears is his Opus 35, *Allerseelen* (All Souls), with the often quoted

(As once in May). The poem by Hermann von Gilmsche, which once led to a merry riming-competition between O. S. Hartleben and Paul Lindau, was also, as everyone knows, once set to music by the young Richard Strauss — Opus 10, No. 8.

Otto Lessmann (1884–1918) may also be regarded as a Berliner, since he was born at Rudersdorfer Kalkberg. He was for many years editor of the *Allgemeine Musikzeitung*, and was a young man when he wrote his Opus 24, No. 1, —

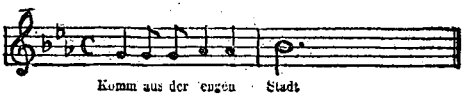


Wer hiess dich blühn? (Red rose on the green meadow, who bade you bloom?), which is taken from Julius Wolff's *Pied Piper of Hamlin*, with the beautiful major interlude, —

(Think not of death, but think of life). This is the only one of his songs that has become well known.

As in the case of so many composers whom posterity recognizes for a single song, and that frequently an early work, Hermann Levi (1839–1900), who was General Music Director in Munich and the first conductor of *Parsifal*, is known for his Opus 2, No. 6, *Der letzte Gruss*, —

(I came from the woods, down here). There is also Henning von Koss (1885–1913), who has set to music the *Winterlied* of Glassbrenner (Opus 2, No. 1), —



(Come from the narrow city), with its fortissimo conclusion, —

(and then it shall be springtime), which shows a general likeness and the same intervals as the song of Eckert's given above. Similarly Friedrich Hinrichs (1820–1892), the friend and brother-in-law of Robert Franz, whose *Prinzessin*, Opus 1, No. 3, set to music a somewhat pallid German version of Klaus Groth's poem, with a pretty three-eighths rhythm, —

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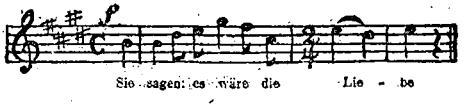
(She was like a little doll); which still finds a place for itself, even to-day. Joachim Raff (1822–1882), who was the most popular instrumental composer of his time, made his song-hit with a High German translation of Groth's poem. It begins leggiero, —

(No grave is so broad), and closes with a teasing

Kein Sorg' um den Weg (For twain well-disposed, no cares on the way), in which the thirty-second rest has extraordinary effect.

Two composers are represented with their first work: Adolf Jensen, who had been rightly called Schumann's heir as a writer of songs, and Theodor Kirchner, a piano composer of genius who transcribed a whole series of Jensen's songs for the piano. Jensen's Opus 1, Number 1, is

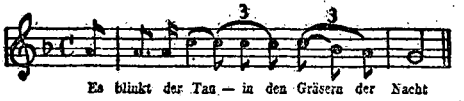
(Lay your cheek upon my cheek). And Theodor Kirchner's is



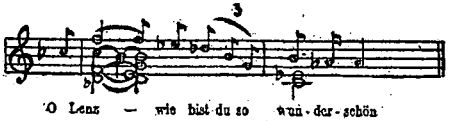
(They say that it would be love).

Franz Liszt and Anton Rubinstein stand side by side, each copiously represented, Liszt with four songs, including his deeply felt

(It must be a thing of wonder), with beautiful syncopation in the accompaniment, effective economy in means of expression, and chromatics which already point toward the future. Likewise his Three Gypsies, *Wieder möcht' ich dir begegnen*, and *O komm' im Traum*. Rubinstein is represented with his often-sung



(The dew is agleam in the grasses of night), and with his



(O Spring, you are so exquisite!) and the riming couplet

(On his arm his trembling love) and

(That it ever so remain).

Three Viennese follow, all of them musical directors, the first in a church, the other two in theatres — each of whom attained honor and respect. There is Gottfried Preyer, court organist and musical director in Saint Stephen's Cathedral, who was for a long time a Conservatory director, and who took for his Opus 42, No. 2, a text by M. G. Saphir, —

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(Will she really come to me when All Souls' Day is here?). Heinrich Proch (1809–1878) was from 1840 to 1870 conductor of the orchestra in the Vienna Hofoper, and was especially famous as an opera conductor who left many hundreds of songs behind him, of which the best known are *Das Erkennen* and *Ein Wanderbursch mit dem Stock in der Hand* (A wanderer lad with a staff in his hand). These unsuccessful and conventional ballads cannot charm our taste, but I have been assured that at the sentimental conclusion, —

(his mother's eye knew him forthwith), there was not a dry eye in the house. Franz von Suppé (1819–1895), the well-known composer of operettas, wrote music for Karl Elmar's poem, *Unter der Erde*. The song is full of emotion, —

(Man must not be proud) and its last stanza ends

(Deep under the earth).

Friedrich von Wickede (1834–1904) might be described as an outsider who entered music. He was originally a Mecklenburg officer and later a post-office official. In his Opus 82 he succeeded in writing a song which in his time was sung with much applause as an allegro appassionato. The poem was by Felix Dahn, and began, '*Tu dich auf in deinem tiefen Herz, mach deine Tore weit*' (Stir in thy depths, O heart, and open wide your doors), and the composer reaches the high point in the following passage: —

Blühe denn so reich du kannst! (Heart, thy springtime has arrived, bloom as richly as you can!).

The last piece in the collection is *An der Weser* by Gustav Pressel (1827–1890), who ended his life in Berlin, though he had lived in Steglitz for many years after 1868. Like Abt, with whom we began this article, he exchanged theology for music. Who is there that does not know how his song begins? —

Mit meiner Laute gesessen (Here many a pleasant hour I have sat with my lute). The poem was by Franz von Dingelstedt. The Ritornelle, which one hears so often in open-air concerts,—

was specifically described by the composer as a 'dance of waves.' I remember my childhood days in the garden of a small seaside resort, where I used to sit as close as I could get to the band-stand, watching the virtuoso who played the cornet and who used to employ the pauses during his 'rests' in taking his instrument apart and discreetly cleaning it out.

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A REG'LAR BAD 'UN[1]

BY J. DRYDEN

B3, 36, is a curious name for a man. Yet this was the name of the little middle-aged man who was standing on a small table looking out of the barred window. As the first half of his name reveals to the initiated, he was a resident of the third floor, and that third floor was part of His Majesty's prison at Silchester, in the pleasant English county of Hampshire.

His name on the morrow would be Hawkins, Alfred Hawkins; but he was known — unfortunately very well known — to policemen and prison officials as Sir 'Enry, from the circumstance of the identity of his surname with that of a famous judge. This, it may be almost unnecessary to say, was all that the judge and he had in common, for the Hawkins with whom we are now concerned was officially regarded as a dangerous criminal. Unofficially, by the same officials, he was regarded quite differently; but that is another matter.

He was to be released in the morning, and from where he stood in the solitude of his cell he could just see the road down which he would be walking in freedom when about fourteen hours should have elapsed. But there was little excitement in Hawkins's bosom. When one has been going to prison fairly regularly for nearly forty years one cannot be expected to view the prospect of temporary freedom with the enthusiasm of a first offender.

The nine months just completed had been awarded for 'loitering with felonious intent.' 'An active and intelligent' constable had discovered Sir 'Enry seated by the roadside. In his pocket were tools of a strange nature, said by the 'officer' to be 'burglarious implements,' but by Sir 'Enry said to be 'tools for repairin' motors.' The law had taken, not unnaturally, the same view as its strong arm; but one thing is certain — these tools would have been scorned alike, with equal derision, by the skillful burglar or the motor mechanic. The owner's bad record, however, had secured for him board and lodging for the winter, for which he had returned thanks to the giver, and which he had then retired to 'enjoy.'

Freedom for Hawkins was not a particularly attractive thing. Indeed, for the winter, he preferred captivity. But his nine months was up, and out he must go. So next morning, a May morning, Sir 'Enry sallied forth, even as the knights-errant of old, not knowing whither he was going, but ready for any adventure that might befall.

His 'property,' which had been returned to him on his release, consisted of two shillings, a sixpence, three halfpennies, one and a half inches of pencil, and a clay pipe. The alleged burglarious implements had of course been confiscated.

His first act on reaching the High Street was to buy tobacco and to light up the pipe. This accomplished, and feeling a little more like a human being, he continued his journey through the town. He bought a couple of cooked sausages, he exchanged a shilling for a knife, and passing a baker's cart on the

[1] From the *Cornhill Magazine* (London literary monthly), *April*

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outskirts of the town, he dexterously removed a roll or two and stowed them away between his shirt and his trousers, to await a more convenient season for stowing them yet further inward.

His progress was slow, for having nowhere to go he was in no hurry to get there, and by the time he had arrived in the open country, after many perambulations, the sun was high in the welkin. He passed through a hedge into a field, in an easy, if not graceful, manner that told of long practice, and ate his sausages and the baker's bread. Then he slept, if not the sleep of the just, at any rate a sleep that was just as sound, and that was very welcome, for, even to such an experienced person, sleeping on a plank bed is not an easy job. When he awoke, the sun had gone to the west. Sir 'Enry stretched himself and continued his pilgrimage to nowhere in particular.

His meanderings brought him on a circular tour back to the town, and he cast longing eyes at the 'desirable residences' that stand at intervals by the roadside. He wandered on, and finally sat in The Green Man until dark. Then, alas! he went back in the direction of the 'desirable residences.'

He opened the garden gate of one of them, and no dog barked. Thus encouraged, he entered, and his foot sounded loudly on the gravel path; but he continued on the soft grass to the back of the house. His intent was evidently felonious again. He was seen in the moonlight by a wakeful maid, and the resources of modern science were at her call against him, for, after the master had been informed, she telephoned for the police.

Hawkins, all unconscious of this, pursued his felonious way, feeling doors and windows in a most felonious manner. A door gave way to his touch and strong hands laid hold of him. But his coat was large and roomy — it had been made for a man six inches wider and longer than its present owner; so Hawkins slipped out of it and ran.

He returned the way he had come; but as he neared the gate he saw a tall and burly figure, uniformed and helmeted, alighting from a bicycle. He doubled back again, only to meet another tall figure in pyjamas and slippers coming straight for him. He dashed to the right, to the left, to the right again, and, eluding the pyjamas and slippers, cantered over the lawn. His performance was excellent for one of his years and condition, but the most hopeful of backers would not have risked a shilling on his chances — no, not at 100 to 1. The chase was soon over. The grasp of the policeman held him firmly. He was marched into the house, and under the electric light Sergeant Jones greeted his old client with, 'Allo! Sir 'Enry! I guessed it was you!'

They went into the dining-room, and the master of the house and Sir 'Enry had leisure to become further acquainted. The master saw a little man, a few years older than himself, clad in a tweed waistcoat and corduroy trousers that might once have been new, a shirt, clean, thanks to H. M. Home Office, a faded felt hat, and, for a substantial base, an old pair of army boots. He saw a face with a faint, whimsical smile, not unintelligent, but a face on which hunger and suffering had left their indelible mark.

Sir 'Enry for his part saw a tall figure, now additionally clad — thanks to a wife's loving care — in a quilted dressing-gown. A figure that told of good living, and a face to match, but a face, nevertheless, that also had signs of suffering for those who may read such things. The mouth under the gray moustache had an acquired weakness, and the eyes under the heavy eyebrows lacked the confidence that should go with an assured position.

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'You 've been very quick, Sergeant,' said the tall gentleman.

'Yes, Mr. Denton, thank yer, sir. A very old 'and 'e is,' continued the speedy one, jerking a thumb in the direction of Hawkins; 'an' would you believe it, 'e only come out to-day.'

'From jail, you mean?'

'Yes, sir, jest done nine months for the same sort of thing, an' 'e comes under the Act this time. Yer know that, 'Awkins?' — turning to the captive. A slight nod of the head signified that Hawkins knew.

'The Act?' queried Mr. Denton.

'Prevention of Crimes Act, sir. They gets preventive detention, on top o' their sentence, as 'abitual criminals if they can't show that they 've tried to live honest for a certain time. It 's five years for 'im. Yer knows that, 'Awkins?' Again a slight nod from the victim.

During this conversation curiosity had brought the rest of the household into the room. Mrs. Denton, a gentle woman, several years younger than her husband; the maid who had given the alarm, who in truth was no maid at all, but an elderly widow of plump and pleasant appearance; her assistant, a girl of about sixteen; and, clinging to her mother, Elsie Denton, a rosy child of eight years.

'Five years!' repeated Mr. Denton, and looking from one to another the audience echoed breathlessly, 'Five years!'

'But he has not actually stolen anything,' went on the tall gentleman.

'It don't make no difference, sir. 'E comes under the Act as an 'abitual.'

Mr. Denton's eyes met those of Hawkins. Then they slowly turned to his wife, and he seemed to shrink under the steady sadness of her look. He withdrew his hands from the pockets of his dressing-gown, clasped and unclasped them. He pulled at his gray moustache nervously. His eyes turned again in his wife's direction, and as quickly turned away. He dared not meet that look again.

'Please leave me with the Sergeant,' he said, and the audience filed unwillingly out.

'Sergeant,' he began, when they had gone, 'I want to talk to you quietly.' He took a bunch of keys from his pocket and locked the door. Then he drew the Sergeant near to the window and out of the hearing of Hawkins.

'You know this man,' he continued; 'now, tell me, is there any hope of his reforming?'

'Well, sir,' hesitated the Sergeant, 'he 's been in and out of jail for close on forty years, from what I can 'ear. It don't sound very 'opeful, does it?'

'But has he ever done anything very bad — anything violent?'

'Just theft, sir, and attempted theft like this one. To tell yer the truth, sir, between ourselves, I do believe wot 'e says 'imself is true. 'E 's never 'ad a chance. 'E 's called a dangerous criminal. But, bless yer soul, I expect a few pounds 'd buy all 'e 's ever managed to steal. And 'e gets caught nearly every time.'

'Can't you let him go this time, Sergeant? Five years is a terrible sentence.'

'What 's the use, sir? 'E 's bound to be at it again. What else can he do? He can't get work. Who 'd employ 'im?'

'Well, supposing I did. Supposing I give him a job here as odd man about the place, to live here, work in the garden, and so on.' And seeing the Sergeant's surprise, he added, 'I have my reasons for making this offer, and perhaps you may guess at them.'

''Ow can I let 'im go?' said the other, after a pause. 'If anything 'appens —'

'Look here,' broke in Mr. Denton, and his voice had a firmer tone, 'forget

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you 're a policeman, Jones. I speak as man to man. If it were a month for him, it would be no great matter; but five years! It 's terrible.'

'It ain't so bad for 'im, sir; you must remember he 's used to it.'

'God help him, yes; but I can't do it, Jones. I 'll make it right with you.'

'Wot can I tell the Inspector?' hesitated Jones.

'Whatever you like; or refer him to me.'

'It 's a dangerous thing to do, sir,' Jones began again.

'It 's my risk,' interrupted Mr. Denton.

Sergeant Jones knew Mr. Denton, bank director, and one of the most respected men in the county. It was well known that his word was better than most people's bonds, and his name on a check good for five or even six figures.

'All right, sir,' he assented; and passing over to Hawkins he said, 'Look 'ere, 'Awkins, yer always say yer never 'ad a chance. Yer 've got one now. And a better chance no man ever had. This gentleman offers you a job to live 'ere, work in the garden, and 'elp as odd man. It 'll be a job for life, if yer be'ave. If yer don't, it 's back to the old booby 'utch and the old bread and skilly. Wot 's it ter be, 'Awkins? Wot 's it ter be?'

Hawkins gave no reply, but he looked at Mr. Denton with such a look as the hunted fox might wear if its canine captors should lick it affectionately and invite it to come and dine with them.

'Wot 's it ter be, 'Awkins?' repeated the policeman.

'All right,' said 'Awkins.

'That means,' translated Jones, 'that he accepts your kind and generous offer, sir; that 'e 's very grateful to yer, and that 'e 'll do his level best to deserve it, sir. Don't it, 'Awkins?' And again a nod signified assent.

Mr. Denton pushed an electric bell and unlocked the door. 'Ask your mistress to come in,' he said to the young girl who answered — 'and good-bye, Sergeant, and thank you very much.'

As the policeman passed out the mistress passed in. 'My dear,' said Mr. Denton, 'Sergeant Jones has been kind enough to give our unexpected visitor another chance, on condition that we look after him. I suggested his remaining here and working on the place as odd man.'

Her face expressed doubt and fear.

'It 's an experiment, I know; but it 's that or five years, and — and' — his voice broke — 'I was harsh once — perhaps this may — ' He could not continue. His wife went to him and, putting her hands on his shoulders, laid her head on the broad chest. He bent over her, kissing her hair, while the wondering Hawkins kept his gaze to the carpet and experienced emotions hitherto unknown to him.

The mistress turned to Hawkins. 'You are hungry?' she said.

'Yes, m 'm,' replied Sir 'Enry, and truly, for this was his chronic condition. So he followed to the kitchen, where bread and meat and a glass of beer were served to him by gentle hands that seemed to bless.

Then the master led the way upstairs, and Hawkins, after receiving a few words of kindly admonition and a 'good-night,' found himself alone in a small room with a bed, a chair, a chest of drawers, and a washstand.

It would be untrue to say that he shed tears of gratitude or of penitence. He did not. But as he lay in the unusual comfort of a soft bed, at least he returned thanks.

'Well, this is a bit of all right, any-'ow,' he said; and despite the increased burden of his sin, again he slept.

So did Sir 'Enry enter into the service of a kind master and become a member

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of a household that was almost one family.

The gentle mistress would often talk to him at evening time as he rested from his work in the garden. She would inquire of prison life, 'And are the warders very cruel?'

'Well, some is and some ain't,' Sir 'Enry would reply, 'but yer gets used wiv' 'em.'

'And is the food very bad?'

'Well, it ain't very nice, m'm,' he would say, 'an' there ain't much of it neither, but yer gets used wiv' it, yer know, m'm.'

'And they punish you sometimes, don't they?' she said earnestly one day.

'They do, m'm; and after yer been on number one for three days the ordinary food tastes lovely, I can tell yer, m'm.'

'What do you mean by number one?' Mrs. Denton asked anxiously.

'Bread and water, m'm — and jest for saying a word or two to another bloke, maybe.'

'Bread and water,' the lady repeated aloud to herself — 'and I know he was punished more than once.'

She rose impulsively and went into the house, returning immediately with a framed photograph. 'Hawkins,' she asked, 'did you by chance ever meet him in — in jail?'

It was the portrait of a young man just over twenty, handsome and smiling; the lips slightly curled as if scornfully, the profile almost Jewish but for its too regular outline, and the likeness to Mr. Denton and Elsie unmistakable.

'I can't say as 'ow I 'ave or I 'ave n't. They looks so different inside, yer know, m'm,' Sir 'Enry replied. 'They gets thin and 'ungry-lookin', most of 'em.'

'Oh, I scarcely knew him when I met him at the gates,' she went on; 'and he would n't come home again. And oh, Hawkins, he cursed his father, for it was his father that made them prosecute the other man. They found afterward that Jack was in it too, and it was too late to stop things then. We have never seen or heard of him since, and that is five years ago.'

Hawkins was callous through his own experiences, but he was not unmoved by the lady's emotion. He lied with a readier tongue than ever before. 'I expect 'e's got on all right. Most of 'em do. They works into very good positions, they does. I knew a bloke, now — ' he was about to tell a purely imaginary reminiscence when the interruption came: —

'Then why have you gone back to jail so often, Hawkins?' He was somewhat disconcerted. 'Well — well — ' he said, 'I was always a reg'lar bad 'un, mum.'

This revelation was good news to Hawkins. He could not share the mother's feelings of shame, but the knowledge that one of the family was a 'jailbird,' as it had drawn them to him, so it drew him nearer to them.

Now that the matter had been mentioned, Mrs. Denton would occasionally talk of it again, for this was a relief to an aching heart.

'His father thinks that he may have been killed in the war,' she said once. 'Indeed, he would rather know him dead than know him still a thief, and perhaps it were better. For Elsie's sake, too,' she added; and Hawkins remembered the words.

It will be seen, then, that Sir 'Enry had come to be on confidential terms with the most important member of the household, but he was still, naturally enough, regarded with suspicion by the widow maid who had first discovered him. Yet even she could not say but that he seemed harmless enough.

'Yer know,' she said to her friend, the cook-housekeeper at the Laurels,

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when they met in the town about two months after the eventful night, 'he 's clean and tidy, and works willing enough in the garden, mends boots and things. An' the way he gets on with young Elsie 's really wonderful, it is. Cleans her bicycle like new every day, he does, mends her toys, an' the other evening I sees him turning the skippin'-rope for her, an' shoutin' vinegar, pepper, mustard, just like as though he was a kid 'imself.'

'You seem quite in love with 'im,' replied the cook-housekeeper. 'You 'll send us a bit o' the cake, won't yer?' The rejoinder to this pleasantry need not concern us, for it was not in very good taste; but the facts regarding Hawkins were as they had been stated.

To Elsie, lonely in the house with the grown-ups, he had become a companion. He could be ordered about, scolded or caressed, in a wayward child's varying moods, and he was ever patient, as his long experience of prison routine had taught him to be.

And to Sir 'Enry, to serve her was a labor of love. With her he was at his ease. With the others he could never quite be. Mr. Denton, in spite of his kindness, was really very like a prison governor, so much so that Hawkins always involuntarily removed his hat in his presence and stood to attention.

But the course of true love never yet ran smooth, and Sir 'Enry's case was to be no exception.

There called on Mr. Denton one morning a stout and angry neighbor whose land adjoined. He said that tools were missing from his shed, and that he had no doubt that Mr. Denton's man Hawkins was the thief. So to Hawkins they went; and the tools were found, even as the owner had suggested.

'I shall charge him,' said the stout and bitter neighbor.

'My dear Harris, give him another chance,' urged Mr. Denton. 'He 's been very good. It can't be easy for him to turn over a new leaf, you know. We must help him.'

'You can't teach an old dog new tricks,' replied Harris.

'No,' went on the pleading, 'but you can help him to forget some of his old ones.'

'And the best way to help him is by having him properly taken care of,' retorted the other.

'But it means five years for him.'

'I can't help it. That 's his lookout. In these times especially, the law must be enforced.'

Meanwhile Hawkins stood by, awaiting his fate with a philosophic attitude of mind and body, whose disconsolance was apparent.

A lithe young figure, rosy and overflowing with the joy of life, came bounding through the garden gate toward them. Toward them! Yes! But really toward her playmate, Hawkins.

It has been said that his disconsolance was apparent. Elsie turned to the two disputants. 'What have you been doing to Uncle Hawkins?' she demanded.

They were not prepared for this inverted question.

'Mr. Harris and I are talking very seriously, dear; you must not interrupt,' said her father.

'What have you been doing to Uncle Hawkins?' the child repeated.

'Be a good girl,' rashly put in Harris. 'Run away and play, dear,' he added.

'I 'm not a good girl, and I won't run away and play. What have you been doing to Uncle Hawkins?'

Mr. Denton knew Elsie's wayward will that might not be thwarted. He knew from experience that she would not give way. Perhaps, too, he saw in her a valuable ally.

'Hawkins has been doing wrong,' he said. 'He has stolen some tools from

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Mr. Harris, and Mr. Harris insists on sending him back to prison.'

A sense of desolation came upon the child. Hawkins had taken Mr. Harris's tools. True. But he had brought a new happiness into Elsie's life, and it was to be taken from her. The sanctity of the law, the sacred rights of property, the welfare of the State — she was only a child, and these things were nothing to her.

'What tools?' she demanded, very near to tears; and a glance revealed the stolen property. A chopper, a chisel, a screwdriver, and a plane. Was it for these wretched things that her playmate was to be taken from her and put in an awful prison for five years?

You, unlucky reader, who have served the penalty of your indiscretions, you may know that five years' imprisonment may be lived through, and even, perhaps, lived down. To you, lucky reader, who have so far not been found out, it may well seem a thing of dread. Still more so then to little Elsie; to her, five years was half a lifetime, and to be locked in a prison cell was an unthinkable horror.

She was very young, but she was a woman child, and she had the feminine knowledge that her weakness was her strength. The tears came readily enough. 'Oh, you cruel, cruel man,' she sobbed, 'to put my dear Uncle Hawkins in prison five years for — those — silly — things.'

Elsie was a frequent visitor at Mr. Harris's house, and a favorite with his wife and girls. He was fond of her himself. With Elsie's tears the case against Hawkins did not seem to demand such stern retribution. Indeed, though he knew himself in the right, he began to feel himself in the wrong.

Mr. Denton read signs of weakening in his face.

'Another chance, Harris,' he urged.

'Well — really now,' began Harris; but the battle was over and Elsie had won.

So Sir 'Enry remained.

His master took him into the house and talked to him very, very gravely indeed. If tools were wanted they could have been bought, and so on, and so on. But it cannot be said that this homily had much effect upon Hawkins.

When he emerged Elsie was waiting for him. She led him by the hand to a secluded part of the garden, and there she made him repeat a solemn promise that he would never, never, never steal again.

He had made the promise before, though not with three nevers. Chaplains of all shapes and sizes had spent much effort on his spiritual welfare; even a Governor had once gone on his knees beside him and had prayed aloud, although only a week before he had put him on bread and water. Had the prayers of these good folk been duly answered Sir 'Enry had grown wings long ago; but alas, it was not so.

Now, however, he really meant to keep his promise. Not that he was overcome with a belated consciousness of his iniquities. No. But here at last was one who did not incite him to repentance, who had no plans for his salvation, but who wanted him just as he was. Heavy-laden with sin he might be, but he was good enough for Elsie to play with. 'And you ought to think of me,' she said reproachfully.

So, for her own sake, the child became Sir 'Enry's guardian angel. He was frequently questioned as to his conduct, and his report was always satisfactory, and it was always true. Elsie would sometimes inform Sergeant Jones, when he passed homeward on his bicycle, of her protégé's progress; and apart from a professional regret at the loss of a client, the good-natured policeman was genuinely pleased.

So Hawkins continued keeping the

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commandments as well as most of us, until the days began to shorten and the summer began to wane.

With the waning of the summer came, as usual, the Annual Flower Show, one of the great events of every country town, and Mr. Denton proposed to take his household in the car, leaving Hawkins behind. It was thought that he might be an additional sport to some of the younger yokels who had learned of his career, and he was well content to be left by himself, for he quite understood that it was a compliment to the honesty that he was supposed to have acquired.

When the little party had gone, Sir 'Enry instinctively ceased work, and sat on the seat near by, whence one may see the house without being seen oneself. Before him stretched the garden that blossomed under his care, and beyond lay the pleasant panorama of an English countryside glowing in the summer sun. Though not trained in the appreciation of beauty as is the modern custom, doubtless he was not indifferent, for he said aloud with a smile of contentment, 'It 's a bloomin' fine day.'

As a song of thanksgiving this must often have been excelled by the professional eloquence of the pulpit, yet, ascending heavenward, with the smoke from his old clay pipe as the accompanying incense, it may not have been unwelcome in a place where such songs, however amateurish, are never declined with thanks.

The day was warm, the seat was comfortable; so, on this his first occasion of sole responsibility, Sir 'Enry involuntarily betrayed his trust, and slept.

On the other side of the hedge, on the other side of the road, two young men had been keeping watch for an hour or more. From their conversation, carried on in an undertone, it would have been clear to an intelligent listener that they were of the criminal class, and of that section that lives well, dresses well, and seldom gets caught. The intelligent one would have learned of the existence of a motor-cycle and a side-car near by. He would also have learned of successful raids on country houses and of others very shortly to take place. But, unfortunately for the country householder, the intelligent listener was not there.

These young men observed the going of the Dentons, and then one of them said, 'This is my job, and mine only. They 're all out for sure. Just keep an eye open and give me the signal if necessary.' They waited a reasonable time, and the speaker at last made a move. 'I know where to find things,' he continued. 'There 'll be a good haul, and what can't be taken can be smashed— just for the sake of old times, eh?'

He came through the hedge to the garden gate, and drawing on a light pair of gloves he opened it gently. More skillful than Sir 'Enry, there was no sound of his footstep on the gravel path. Advancing, he reached the front door and rang the electric bell. There was no answer. The unfaithful Hawkins still slumbered on unseen. The intruder went to the dining-room window. It was unfastened. He pushed it up noiselessly and entered, closing it behind him.

A few minutes later, awakened by the tickling of importunate insects, Hawkins arose. Glancing around, it seemed that he saw the passing shadow of a man thrown on to the wall of the sunny drawing-room. Moving stealthily, he opened the French windows and entered. In the far corner was a well-dressed young man, who rushed to the door, but stopped suddenly and ejaculated, 'Why, it 's Sir 'Enry!'

'You git out,' said Hawkins.

'Now, now, Sir 'Enry, you remember

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me, surely. This is my job. I was here first,' he added with a sardonic laugh.

His features were certainly familiar, but, 'You git out!' was all that Hawkins replied.

'Now, now, leave it to me,' continued the other, 'and you can share in. Here's a bit to be getting on with' — and he handed a gold cigarette-case to Hawkins.

'You git out,' was all the thanks he got.

His features were certainly familiar. A framed photograph on the grand piano, the portrait that Mrs. Denton had shown him, caught Sir 'Enry's eye, and the identity of the intruder was revealed beyond a doubt. He remembered now, they *had* met in jail.

'Well, well, let the fool stay,' were the unspoken words of the young man; and leaving the staring Hawkins, he went quickly upstairs. But Hawkins was at his heels. Into Elsie's room went the intruder. He had taken her new wrist-watch from the dressing-table, when Sir 'Enry was at him like a bulldog, snatching it from him. The thief struck at the old man, but the blow was dodged with surprising activity, and returned with interest.

Hawkins would have been knocked out no doubt, but his opponent had not come to fight, and since his pockets were well filled it was evidently time to go. He ran down the stairs, and Hawkins, seeing the bulging pockets, followed, through the garden, out of the gate, only three yards behind, into the road, when, just before the bend that takes one to the town, the fugitive darted through the hedge and disappeared.

Hawkins was making breathlessly for the same spot when help arrived from around the bend of the road — Sergeant Jones, going home on his bicycle.

''Allo! Wot 's wrong, Sir 'Enry?' asked the Sergeant, dismounting.

It has been said that help had arrived, and certainly by any ordinary citizen in such circumstances the arrival of a sixteen-stone policeman on a bicycle would be considered lucky indeed. But Hawkins was no citizen. Nearly all his life he had been an outcast, to whom a policeman was a natural enemy. But now, it may be said, things were changed with him, and surely — yes, but even now, dear reader, he was at least half an outcast, one of the demi-monde, shall we say?

The policeman was an enemy. The thief was at least a fellow craftsman. Is there not honor among thieves, and how often does one 'split' on another? And at most, was the thief not one of the family that had sheltered him — was he not Elsie's brother?

So Sir 'Enry could not answer. He was rendered silent by the uniform of his 'helper,' and by the complexity of his own thought.

'Wot 's the matter?' repeated Jones, 'and wot 's this in yer 'and?' looking at Elsie's wrist-watch.

'Nothin',' replied the thoughtful and breathless one.

'An' this?' said the Sergeant, diving into Hawkins's pockets and producing the gold cigarette-case, 'this is nothin' too, I suppose?'

'It was gave ter me,' retorted Hawkins.

'Oh yes, no doubt,' went on the Sergeant. 'You 've 'ad a birthday, eh? An' where are you running off to?'

'Nowhere,' was the reply.

The trained intelligence of the law officer could not but regard these replies as unsatisfactory. 'Come along o' me,' he ordered; 'these things are Mr. Denton's.' He had arrived at this deduction from the initials on the cigarette-case. So the struggling Hawkins was dragged irresistibly back toward the house.

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The Sergeant rang the bell. No answer. 'Ho, ho!' the case was becoming clearer. 'All out?' he queried.

'Flower show,' replied the laconic captive — 'back at five.' He was informative for his own sake, as with the return of the Dentons things could be explained.

So they waited, the policeman inclined to be jovial, and Hawkins deeper and deeper in thought. But the more he thought the less could he decide what to do.

Hawkins had 'worked' with other thieves in his time, and if anyone was caught it was usually he. But he had never 'split' on his pals. To his perverted mind the case was similar now. When he had first known that one of the Denton family was a thief and a 'jailbird' he had felt more at home. Their influence, especially Elsie's as the sister of a thief, had become stronger.

The case was now clear to the policeman, and it was becoming clearer to Sir 'Enry when a motor-car stopped outside.

Mr. and Mrs. Denton had returned alone, leaving Elsie in the care of the two others to enjoy all the fun of the fair.

As they entered the garden gate, Hawkins's theory of the similarity of the present circumstances to others of his experience was badly shaken. Mr. Denton was really very much like a prison governor.

But while Hawkins meditated, Sergeant Jones spoke, and the case was now very clear indeed to him.

'I 'm afraid there 's trouble again, Mr. Denton, sir,' he began. 'I 'appened to meet him running up the road with this in his hand' — indicating Elsie's wrist-watch; 'and I found this' — the gold cigarette-case — 'in his pocket. He says it was given to 'im.'

During this speech the case was becoming still clearer to Hawkins. He did not hear the Sergeant's words. With the presence of his gentle mistress other words were ringing in his ears: 'Rather he were dead than a thief.' 'And for Elsie's sake too.' Yes! To him, as well as to the policeman, the case was now very clear indeed.

He was roused by Mr. Denton's voice. 'Now, Hawkins, let 's have your story. I 'm sure it 's all a mistake, Sergeant?'

There was a silence. Then from Hawkins came, very slowly and deliberately: 'There ain't — no — mistake. You 've got me, Sergeant; git on wiv it.'

'I was afraid of this, sir,' said Sergeant Jones gently, seeing the emotion that followed this confession. ''E 'll have to come with me this time. You 'd better see if anything else is missing, sir.'

Mr. Denton looked into the drawer of the sideboard, which was partly open and had evidently been forced. It was only too apparent that here alone a good deal was missing.

'Wot 'ave yer done with it, 'Awkins?' questioned Jones.

No answer.

'You 'd better speak, or it 'll be the worse for yer.'

But still no answer.

'Oh, Hawkins,' cried the mistress, 'how could you! And Elsie's watch too. Elsie's!'

Sir 'Enry turned his back on his benefactors, and his face was as that of a dead man. Dead? Aye, and risen. 'Come on,' he said, 'git on wiv it.' And he passed out in the custody of Sergeant Jones.

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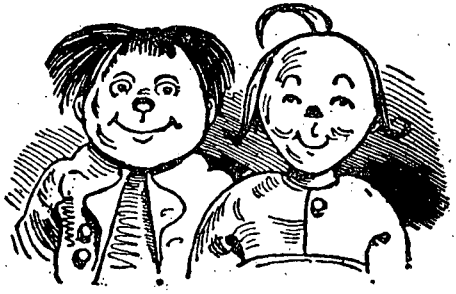
WHY THE WORLD LAUGHS[1]

BY KURT PINTHUS

ONE moment, please! Pause and consider what you laughed at on the one occasion when you laughed most in all your life. Then put together all the occasions when you laughed with genuine heartiness, and you will be amazed to see how few the causes of laughter really are. From this you may decide for yourself how sad a world this is — in which philosophers have been disputing from the beginning of time whether it is the best or worst of all the worlds possible.

Now subtract from this sum of all your mirth the occasions when you have merely smiled or chuckled. Take away, too, all the cases in which you have laughed over accidental or intentional jokes, over some bit of private fun, over practical jokes or over some grotesque situation peculiar to your own life or the life of your neighbor; and finally take away comic occurrences in political affairs or special levels of society, which appear comic merely because of the differences when viewed from the inside and the outside. Take away all these, — for they are nothing but *special* occasions of mirth, — and there will still remain a tiny minimum of occurrences over which not only you yourself have laughed but over which the whole world has laughed — or might have laughed. These will be a few witticisms, a few funny stories from world literature, a few vaudeville or circus clowns, a few films and film characters. If we pause to think a moment, we shall immediately discover that these comic creations are imitations of the weaknesses and stupidities of human life, and that we really laugh at our own incapacities, exaggerated by distortion into the laughable products of comic art.

Almost all philosophers, from Aristotle down to the Parisian Bergson and to Freud, the creator of psychoanalysis, have dreadfully disturbed themselves with discussions of the nature of laughter. All who have considered laughter — which may, in physiological terms, be defined as 'a loud, short, convulsive expulsion of the breath, simultaneous with a contraction of the facial muscles, drawing the corners of the mouth outward' — agree that this gayest of all the expressions of our life force is fundamentally melancholy.



MAX AND MORITZ
Once the delight of Germany

There is no animal that laughs, even at his own kind. Man alone, among all creatures, can laugh and can cause laughter, and even he prefers to laugh in company with his fellows.

What do children laugh at, always

[1] From *Uhu* (Berlin popular monthly), *January*

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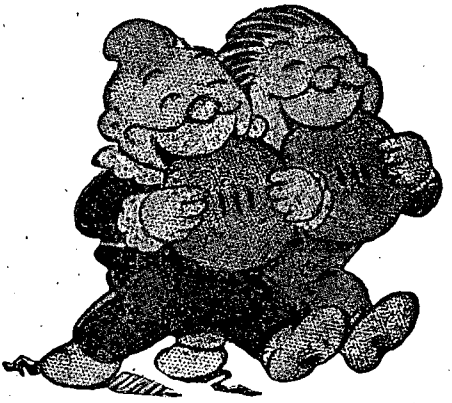
and everywhere? They laugh because things are breakable. They laugh at smaller children whom they can trip up, and at the naughty pranks with which they disturb the normal order



THE KATZENJAMMERS
Yankee heirs of German Max and Moritz

of events. In general we may say that they laugh from a feeling of superiority over the weaker or the injured; and they laugh whenever they can show themselves apparently superior to the older people in charge of them — perhaps by misbehaving before a teacher. A child laughs from malicious enjoyment, from the triumphant consciousness of another's humiliation, from an impulse which the child knows is 'naughty,' by the traditional moral code.

As a result of the hindrances involved in our ordering of society, most grown-ups attain in early youth a mental level not too far removed from the child's. So that the laughter of adults, even though they have learned — or should have learned — to understand the traditional distinction between good and evil, springs for the most part from the same roots as the laughter of children. The motives of adult laughter are mere variations of the things that children laugh at. The adult laughs at physical oddities or their imitation. He laughs because somebody else has fallen down or because somebody else has caused a second somebody to tumble, or because somebody who thinks himself in safe superiority goes sprawling. The adult laughs, above all, at anyone to whom he himself feels superior and in whom some anti-social quality is represented with very one-sided exaggeration. Thus he laughs at Don Quixote, who forgets the world of reality while he plays at being a knightly hero in a world which no longer knows such heroes. In comedies he laughs at the greedy man, the vain man, the boaster, the timid man, and the sham — because in every situation these types show themselves to be exaggeratedly greedy, vain, boastful, timid, or deceitful, and because the preponderance of these typical characters which dominate each like a kind of fixed idea leads to unusual and surprising situations.

Even the clowns, who do not typify certain definite bodily qualities or characteristics, make themselves up in order to be still more comic, in imitation of the outward appearance of some such fantastic type. In spite of his ability as a comic actor, even Charlie Chaplin would certainly lose his international comic appeal if he did not invariably appear in the same typical costume: the stiff little hat pulled down over straggling hair, the tiny moustache, the little cane, the socks that are a little too big, the shoes that are too long, and added to these a number of gestures which are always being repeated — the sly blink, the air of anxious apprehension, the pigeon-toed shuffle. The world-famous eccentric clown of vaudeville, Humsti-Bumsti, did not stir the laughter of the world because he appeared to-day in one costume and to-morrow in another, here with one set of tricks and there

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with another, but because everywhere and always he used the same ill-fitting frock coat and chalk-white face, and

THE CHAPLIN UNIFORM
Clothing at which the world has laughed

was eternally stumbling over tables and chairs with the same old clumsiness, — which as a matter of fact was a highly developed form of cleverness, — meantime supporting the whole performance with a series of incredible squeaky sounds from his throat.

Chaplin and Humsti-Bumsti could make the world laugh because their fun was in no wise confined to one particular nation or one particular language. Any man of any nation could laugh at Chaplin because any man of any nation could laugh at his physical and social inferior who, in spite of that inferiority, gets the better of the strong and powerful through a kind of automatic cunning. Every man of every nation can laugh at Humsti-Bumsti because every man of every nation inevitably has to laugh at this maximum of apparent clumsiness — this eternal struggle against the malice of surrounding objects, and these eternal falls, bounces, rolls, slides, and quick twists, through all of which we are constantly aware, probably because of the comic costume, that nothing serious can really happen to him. Yet the spectator always has the feeling that if Humsti-Bumsti abandoned his clever clumsiness ever so slightly, even for a moment, something truly terrible might happen.

Why are the very few things at which the whole world laughs so universally funny? Most laughable things are directly related either to some special language or to some special circumstance, or to previous knowledge of special social customs. Their special humorous effect is possible only in close relation with this language or these special circumstances or social customs. A good many things over which past ages shrieked with laughter leave us quite unmoved to-day. The loudest guffaw that has come down to us from antiquity is that 'Homeric laughter' which is still proverbial. Homer tells how the lame blacksmith god, Hephæstus, catching his faithless wife, Aphrodite, with Ares, god of war, quick as lightning caught them both in a net, whereat all the gods, beholding the grotesque spectacle of the struggling pair, broke into such uproarious laughter that the whole earth trembled. Would the nations that we call civilized to-day, or would the gods of modern religions, laugh at such a situation so loudly that the whole world — as we understand it — would laugh with them?

The so-called facetiæ, those jokes and anecdotes at which in all European countries the Middle Ages and the Reformation laughed until the Renaissance began, seem to us modern Europeans either coarse or trivial. Americans would no longer even understand them. The story that caused Aretino, the cynical Renaissance wit, to laugh himself literally to death would probably scarcely even make us

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chuckle. And all the 'great men who laughed themselves to death,' whom the learned Textor gathered up in a single fat volume, would, if alive to-day, be perfectly safe, because the origin of their demise would not even make them smile any more.

There are as many ideas of what constitutes a joke as there are jokes, and we shall therefore linger over none of them. A joke is one of the most elastic expressions of the human spirit, which is conditioned more than any other by language, by manner of delivery, and by such accidental circumstances as locality, trade, and business. Jokes that depend on a pun become incomprehensible when translated into another language. To understand how closely most jokes are tied to their land of origin, look through any collection and see how few German jokes would seem funny in America if they were translated into English. The same thing holds true the other way around: little as the external conditions of our life differ from those of the United States, we should scarcely find one American joke that would be generally comprehensible in Germany. Those series of newspaper cartoons which form the daily delight of all America remain quite ineffective in Europe because of their definite series of recurring types, which act in a series of comic situations of which we have no comprehension. Nor do we understand their relation to their social surroundings.

Striking as it is coarse is the joke about the man who said to his wife on his silver-wedding day, 'Oh, if I had only done it!' and when his wife asked, 'Done what?' answered her thus: 'I have lived with you twenty-five years and never known a day's peace. If I'd killed you the day I married you, I should have been given fifteen years in prison and then had ten years' peace!' This joke, seriously considered, implies that we understand the institutions of marriage, monogamy, the wedding ceremony, silver weddings, and the difficulties of everyday life, as well as the fact that such an offense would have been punished with fifteen years in prison. To anyone unaware of a single link in this chain, the joke would have no meaning whatever.

Anyone can say from his own experience that a joke which ten years ago would have aroused spontaneous laughter is to-day quite pallid. The *Berliner Komik* of the years around 1850, which was in its time regarded as the funniest paper in the world, seems so dull and pointless to-day that we can laugh at it only because we have a feeling for history, so completely has the ordinary life of Berlin changed in this short period, while its types and our nerves and mood have similarly altered.

No comic actor in the spoken theatre can ever hope to rouse the laughter of the world. He will be effective only in the country whose speech he can employ as a means of comic expression, and his circle of effectiveness will be all the narrower the more local his technique of speech and joke.

After this discussion of the obstacles that hinder the spread of laughter, it is easy to see how hard it is to make the world laugh. At the beginning of my article I asked my reader what had made him laugh most heartily. Many people of different ages whom I have asked this same question, my dear reader, have been surprised to find how little the world contains to laugh at. 'He has nothing to laugh at,' the conventional expression of sympathy for some unfortunate, is a phrase that applies to every mortal man. In the end all the people whom I questioned named about a dozen things at which the world has laughed, and comparison

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showed that at bottom all these people of our own generation must have laughed at about the same things. They laughed at Mark Twain's stories, which he could write only in bed, because he had to have that complete separation from the world before he could regard the world as funny. Mark Twain's most comic story is the tale of the twin whose other half was dead: 'We were twins, my dead brother and I. When we were fourteen days old they bathed us in the same tub. One of us was drowned, but nobody knew which it was. Some think it was Bill, some think it was I. Listen, and I'll tell you a secret I've never told to a living soul: one of us had a big birth-mark on his left hand. That was I, and that was the child who drowned.'

This story depends on a simple development of an impossible situation — the existence or nonexistence of the story-teller himself; and funny stories of this kind, independent of time, nation, or social level, will 'go' anywhere in the world. Another funny book at which the whole world has laughed — I shall not mention Jerome K. Jerome's stories — is *Helen's Babies*, by John Habberton. Since children are obviously beyond good and evil, — and the comic is possible only beyond good and evil, — the funny things that children do become more comic because less voluntary and more original than what their elders do. All the funny papers of all countries use the *enfant terrible*. In America, with its fanatic devotion to childhood, there is the most laughing about them, especially if the children appear in pairs, as they do in such Sunday picture series as the 'Katzenjammer Kids' — who, however, are a mere imitation of an earlier pair of comic children at whom the whole world laughed. I mean Max and Moritz, whose pictures the German artist, Wilhelm Busch, drew and whose words he wrote when he was himself in a mood by no means optimistic.

These picture stories must be comprehensible without accompanying text, like all good caricatures. Only a few caricaturists have been able to set the world to laughing; because the effectiveness of a caricature depends largely on acquaintance with the original, and with the events that call it forth. Consequently caricature can appeal to the world as a whole only if it portrays well-known customs or personalities so forcefully that, just as in comedy, the typical, the unique, the one-sidedly grotesque is brought out. Hence the trick of exaggerating ordinary dress, emphasizing certain portions of the body so that the exaggeration produces caricature — as, for example, the upturned moustache of William II, which would have supplied a psychologist with the key to his character; or, in these modern days, the eternal pipe of General Dawes. Such of the great comic artists of the nineteenth century as have survived their period and bring enough of their contemporaries' laughter into our own days rely mainly on ridiculing those general weaknesses of human nature which, without losing the typical touch of exaggeration, nevertheless remain so timelessly comic that we must regard them as we do the typical features of Molière's comedies or the ridicule of anachronistic heroism or fraud upon society in the plays of Bernard Shaw.

The best-known caricature series in the United States is Mutt and Jeff, created by Bud Fisher, who draws a string of pictures dealing with these two scamps every day. But of all these thousands of caricatures, by whose invention one part of the United States lives while the rest laughs over them, only one pair ever became an object of laughter to the world as a whole, after their amusing business deals,

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struggles, and anxieties had been made into a play — *Potash and Perlmutter*, the two partners in the tailoring business, one good-natured and unlucky, the other keen and practical. Here too, even though the play is a kind of pantomime, we find comedy of the old typical sort. That is the secret, too, of the success of another play over which the whole world has laughed, no doubt, more than any other — I mean *Charlie's Aunt*, which depends on one of the very old, perhaps the oldest, comic elements — disguise. All the comic confusion and surprise is due to the fact that a young man has disguised himself as another young man's aunt. We laugh here just as a child laughs at another child who has dressed up to imitate the qualities of somebody else.

The child and our ancestors laugh together within us adults at one comic figure who is apparently the simplest yet actually the most refined and tragic of them all — the clown. Throughout the whole world there is a close linking in the line of development from primitive people's comic dances with masks and costumes to the ancient mime who, as a solo figure arrayed in beggar's garments, made people laugh, then through the harlequin of the *Commedia dell' arte*, then through the Hanswurst and Kasperle to the Dummer Auguste and the eccentrics of our own day. The *Commedia dell' arte*, with its masked figures of Harlequin, the doctor, Pantaloon, and Columbine, dealt with the comic aspects of its contemporaries but stiffened them into types. Our own eccentric clowns — those vagabonds, neglectful gentlemen, clumsy know-it-alls, powerless prodigies, madcap comic dancers — have very much the same significance as those old popular types which for our generation have become mere figures for a masked ball; and the leaps and pranks, the acrobatic feats, the exaggeratedly mechanical imitations of real life, have remained fundamentally what they were in the plain-spoken farces of an earlier period. Only the means of expression have changed to correspond with the tempo, rhythm, and costumes of our age.

To-day the clown is the real comic hero, just as he has been in all times and places — the creator of the world's laughter, independent of speech, of nationality, and of social complexes. In the clown is condensed the comic feeling of a century. In the clown man humbles himself to his lowest level, since he exaggerates his own follies, weaknesses, and vices until the onlookers, seeing themselves in this caricature, break into a laugh which goes around the world — a laugh which is at bottom a judgment on themselves and which for that very reason offers a kind of relief.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

'MAX' MAKES AN EXHIBITION OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES

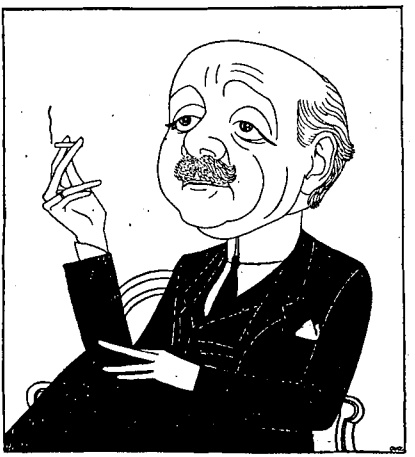
Long years ago Mr. Max Beerbohm took his place among those admirable institutions — Parliament, afternoon tea, Dean Inge, monarchy, and the Oxford accent — which the British Empire has casually acquired during its slow and stately progress down the last ten centuries or so. A show by Max was one of those infrequent occasions when the several worlds of art, letters, and society — pardon the omission of a capital — met freely without finding it hard to pretend they liked it.

To enjoy Max's caricatures was proper — and easier than most proper things. To be just a trifle shocked at some of them was quite permissible — nay, that too was proper. To be the subject of a caricature — ah, that was fame. That was to be lifted into the exalted class of Swinburne, Mr. Baldwin, Rossetti, Napoleon III, and Ramsay MacDonald. That was to ascend into the shadow of the throne itself. No known limit to Max's audacity had ever been discovered. Did he not satirize the most august of personages? Did not Sir Claude Phillips, who still pontificates as art critic of the *Telegraph*, solemnly declare the caricatures 'in the worst possible taste'? And did not Max promptly caricature Sir Claude himself, 'doing his best not to find my caricatures "in the worst possible taste"'?

The time came when Max dropped his surname and assumed an adjective in place of a title — for titles descend with difficulty upon the heads of satirists, as even Gilbert found to his cost. He became, almost officially, 'the Irrepressible Max.' The name of Beerbohm was glorious but needless. To talk about Mr. Max Beerbohm was like talking about Mr. Edward Windsor.

Thus might be summarized the first fifty-three years of the great Max's career. Then came the exhibition of 1925 — the exhibition, in other words, of last month. All England thronged to the show, suitably prepared to chuckle, and came away surprised to find that the chuckles of anticipation and of retrospect were by no means the same in quantity. And now the members of the British public began to stare at each other with a wild surmise. Was it — ? Could it be — ? A darksome doubt loured upon the British countenance.

Now when the Briton begins to doubt, fearful things may happen.



Mr. Beerbohm

As seen by 'Quiz' in the 'Saturday Review'

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Parliament doubted once, and severed the cervical vertebræ of royalty. Thirteen comparatively British colonies doubted once — and severed themselves. The House of Commons took to doubting, and hamstrung the House of Lords. All things must give way when Britons doubt. That is the serious part about the whisper of grim foreboding now going around London, for this incredible whisper says that — Max has fallen off.

In the *New Statesman*, from the pen of Mr. J. F. Holms, the dreadful rumor runs: 'Mr. Beerbohm has vanished into the collective consciousness, together with his wit, irony, and malice.' 'The ideas are somewhat forced, the wit is thin, and the draftsmanship lacks vitality' —thus the *Outlook*. 'This is not the Max we knew.' The *Times* duly and officially praises before it says the bitterest thing of all: there are spots where Max becomes 'an ordinary caricaturist.' This — this of Max! And worst of all, this year not a single caricature has stirred a single soul to fury.

Yet there is praise in plenty, even though the *Outlook* hints at 'a great press, but a bad public.' 'Max goes from strength to strength' — this is the *Saturday Review*. W. McCance even declares the caricaturist 'a necessary part of our social structure.' 'More significant in many ways than long-winded histories,' says the *Daily Herald* — not often so polite. But is it flattering a butterfly to say he rises above 'long-winded histories'?

The drawings that have elicited most comment this year are those in the series in which a variety of contemporary figures confront their younger selves. The modern Mr. Arnold Bennett, looking back upon a successful career, muses: 'All gone according to plan, you see'; to which a bumptious young self retorts: '*My* plan, you know.' Mr. George Moore's younger self inquires about the modern arts, and learns that though there have been no painters since Manet or composers since Wagner, there has been *one* novelist — only one, however! The intelligent observer has no difficulty in identifying the solitary master. Mr. Baldwin as a schoolboy eyes the Prime Minister with a blunt: 'You Prime Minister! Good Lord!' A youthful H. G. Wells inquires: 'Did you ever manage to articulate the bones of that microglamaphoid lizard?' To which the modern seer rejoins: 'I don't think you know very much about the past, do you? It's all perfectly beastly, believe me. But the future's going to be all perfectly splendid — after a bit. And I must say I find the present very jolly.'

From these examples it is clear that, whether his caricatures have fallen off or not, it is not yet safe for anyone to trifle with that malicious wit. Even the change in the caricatures may be the natural result of the fact that Max lives too much in Italy to see the British scene steadily — let alone see it whole.

'C. H.' in one of his 'Epitaphs in Advance' hints as much: —

EPITAPH
ON A LITERARY CARICATURIST

(Which may be found on a tombstone in Italy, A.D. 2025)

Here lies a Briton; yet his name was Max.
He lived abroad and saved his income tax.
But, lest his love for England should grow stale,
He made cartoons and brought them home for sale.
'T was late in life he learnt one simple thing —
That none but fools would jest about the King!

*

SUPERFLUOUS

OPENING words of the address delivered by M. Robert de Flers, famous dramatic critic of *Figaro*, welcoming to the

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French Academy M. Édouard Estaunié: —

'Monsieur, you were born at Dijon on February 4, 1862. You pursued your earliest studies at the Collège des Jésuites in that city, leaving there in 1878 to continue your study at Paris. You entered the École Polytechnique in 1882. You left it in 1884. You were appointed in — but let me pause to thank you, Monsieur, for the courteous amazement with which you learn the main facts of a career which, however good-natured you may be, cannot be completely unfamiliar to you!'

♣

MESSRS. BRIAND AND LLOYD GEORGE PLAY GOLF

THE *Manchester Guardian*, on the authority of a correspondent who avers that he saw it, prints the following account of that historic game of golf which is supposed to have cost M. Aristide Briand the Premiership of France: —

'It is more than three years since M. Briand was Prime Minister of France. He was hauled down by M. Poincaré during the Cannes Conference of January 1922 because he had listened sympathetically to Mr. Lloyd George's proposal for the Genoa Conference of all the European nations, including Germany and Russia. The common joke at the time was that Mr. Lloyd George was responsible for M. Briand's downfall by giving him his first lesson at golf, French opinion being unprepared for such levity in the midst of serious work.

'I remember vividly that lesson in golf, as must each of the dozen other people who witnessed and participated in it. I happened to be having luncheon at the golf clubhouse with Philippe Millet, with whom I had played a round in the morning. At a table near sat Mr. Lloyd George, M. Briand, and other delegates to the Conference. In the middle of luncheon Mr. Lloyd George challenged M. Briand to a game of golf, and M. Briand, who had never held a golf club in his hand, sportingly accepted the challenge. We followed the protagonists to the first tee just after luncheon.

'It was a foursome: Sir Edward Grigg and M. Briand against Lord Riddell and Mr. Lloyd George. M. Briand naturally took the honor. Probably on purpose, he held his club with his left hand below his right as he addressed the ball. He was corrected by Mr. Lloyd George, and then started his swing. He stopped in the middle and made the remark, "*J'hésite.*"

'Unfortunately for this story, I did not hear anyone quote the obvious proverb that he who hesitates is lost. If it had been quoted someone would no doubt have gone down to history as the prophet of M. Briand's fall. M. Briand, after some further "business," finished his stroke. To his obvious relief he hit the ball, although he topped it badly, and it skidded along the ground some fifty yards, whence with a good brassie shot Sir Edward Grigg retrieved the situation. I did not follow the match further.'

♣

ANGELS AND AVIATORS

MAURICE ROSTAND, the son of the great Edmond, is exercising theatrical Paris just at present with his new play, *L'Archange*. The play has at length been produced, but never would have been if the Guynemer family could have stopped it, for the dramatist deals, in typical Rostand allegorical style, with the heroes of the air service in general, and with the great French ace in particular. To the Guynemer family's objections the dramatist replies that his work deals with other

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aviators also, and that so far as he is concerned the play is going on. He adds that the whole subject has been idealized and poetically treated and cannot possibly give offense to anybody.

Meantime, no doubt, his advertising manager rubs his hands with pure glee.

*

JOHN RUSKIN ON CHEAP EDITIONS

A NEW autographed letter from John Ruskin which was recently found among the papers of an old English librarian gives a glimpse into Ruskin's idea of the worthlessness of cheap editions which is startling to a generation that is accustomed to the innumerable libraries at moderate prices which have sprung up in recent years. The rash librarian had written to Ruskin suggesting that cheap editions of certain books would be a great boon to students. Whereupon Ruskin replied: —

MY DEAR SIR, — I am informed by Mr. Goldwin Smith and other political economists that this country is a plethora of riches such as never before was known. I am of opinion, therefore, that anybody who wants to learn of my books can give me a doctor's fee or the price of a music lesson, and that a lending library can afford to buy the whole series ten times over. I enclose a list of those purchasable, and am, yours very truly,

J. RUSKIN

*

LITERARY SURREY

THE 'Surrey Side,' just to the south of London, still retains its favor with the writing craft. Surrey has always been a 'literary county,' and modern writers, especially novelists, are concentrating in its western part. At Cranleigh live Frank Swinnerton, E. M. Forster, and Miss Constance Smith. Sir Philip Gibbs lives not far from Puttenham. Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*, lives on the heights of Newlands Corner near Guildford, and even Miss Ethel M. Dell — that very, very popular novelist — has not abandoned her native county since her marriage, but now lives at Ewhurst.

The Surrey tradition is very lofty. A. Clutton Brock, the critic who recently died, made his home near Godalming. George Eliot lived at Wandsworth, George Meredith at Dorking. Mrs. Humphry Ward lived in Surrey when she wrote *Robert Elsmere*, of which event a writer in the *Manchester Guardian* tells this story: —

I remember visiting a very lonely house, once a farmhouse and still part of a farm, not far from Witley, and the tenant, himself a man of letters, took me to his bedroom, told me to look out of the window, and asked if there was anything in the view particularly inspiring. I looked at a farm outhouse and wall and a pig and some Leghorn hens and small trees and a piece of a heath, but was not inspired particularly.

My friend said it was sitting at the table looking out of that window that Mrs. Humphry Ward wrote *Robert Elsmere*.

Even Miss Dell had Surrey predecessors in the art of popular fiction, for Charles Garvice lived in Richmond, and Edna Lyall at Tilford.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

1623–1923. Studies in the First Folio, Written for the Shakespeare Association. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1925.

AFTER close upon three hundred years of unremitting investigation, it would be only reasonable to assume that Shakespeare, as a subject, has been exhausted. The only difficulty is that this, like so many reasonable assumptions, is quite unjustified. Shakespeare is a quarry out of which ardent workmen may still carve their ashlars; and of these ashlars those presented in the Shakespeare Association's new volume are of amazing size, shapeliness, and — in the best sense only — weight.

It is necessary to be a specialist — or a German — to keep abreast of the literature that has grown and is still growing up around the name of Shakespeare. It is a blessing, then, for the ordinary man of literary tastes who wishes to have some idea of the newer knowledge of Shakespeare and his surroundings, that half a dozen of the foremost living scholars have united to publish the lectures on special aspects of Shakespeare, his editions, and his times, which they delivered at the 1923 meeting of the Shakespeare Association. The collaborators are Sir Israel Gollancz, Sir Sidney Lee, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, Mr. Dover Wilson, Mr. Crompton Rhodes, Dr. W. W. Greg, and Mr. Allardyce Nicoll.

The results of their joint labors are thus summed up by the *Times Literary Supplement:* —

Two of these studies have been printed before. Sir Israel Gollancz's introduction appeared — with a few very slight differences — as the introduction to the resetting of the preliminary matter of the First Folio which the Worshipful Company of Stationers issued in the year of the tercentenary. Avoiding controversy and hypothesis and sticking to ascertained fact, Sir Israel writes exactly the sort of introduction that makes plain the way to the more particular studies that follow.

The first of these has also been printed before. It is the lecture, or demonstration, on Shakespeare's portraiture which Mr. M. H. Spielmann issued separately about a year ago.

We come to new matter with Mr. Dover Wilson's paper on 'The Task of Heminge and Condell.' Mr. Dover Wilson has four questions to ask and to answer. What sort of 'copy' was placed at the printers' disposal in 1623? Where did it come from? What is the relation of quarto to folio texts in plays that have survived in both forms? How close does any text, quarto or folio, bring us to Shakespeare's original manuscripts? He answers the first question by taking Heminge and Condell at their word. They never professed to have 'edited' the plays in the modern sense of the word. Their 'care and paine' was 'to haue collected and publish'd them,' and the mere collection was no easy matter.

. . . The plays they handed over to the printers were, with very few exceptions, in an excellent condition to be acted — what more could 'the great variety of readers' require?

That accepted, the second question is answered; the 'copy' came from the Globe, and was playhouse material which had been used for performance. The second and third questions are, of course, more difficult to answer. The revolutionary principle of the new, or Pollardian, textual criticism, says Mr. Dover Wilson, is 'a belief in the essential integrity of ordinary human nature which, like the English law, regards a man [as] innocent until he has been proved guilty.'

Let us first believe that Heminge and Condell were honest men, and then read carefully what they say. They do not claim — as the Cambridge editors of 1863 supposed — that all the plays in the Folio were printed from Shakespeare's manuscripts. The title-page, with its false statement about 'the true originall copies,' was not their doing; and their statement about Shakespeare's unblotted papers must not be

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twisted into any such implication. They gave the best 'copy' they could; and in their eyes 'a really good text' was 'a text which had been used as a playbook at the Globe,' be it a manuscript or — and here Mr. Dover Wilson tackles in detail his third question — a printed volume, printed by the company's orders and faithfully printed, which had taken the place of manuscript. Besides those 'good' quartos there were quite enough 'stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors,' to justify the good men in their outburst. In certain cases there was need of what Mr. Crompton Rhodes has well called 'assembled' texts.

Mr. Dover Wilson is careful to allow for all contingencies; but in the main his paper is a vindication of the First Folio as — question four — the best authority on Shakespeare's manuscript, and also on Elizabethan stage practice. It would be pleasant to follow him in his discussion of the scene-division and headings, and of the relation of the second quarto of *Hamlet* to the Folio; but there are other papers to consider. There is Sir Sidney Lee's survey of the extant First Folios, the latest fruits of a laborious task which he began some quarter of a century ago. There is Mr. Crompton Rhodes's lively paper on the Elizabethan stage, which is well worth pondering, but will make many an older student envy his swift certainty about matters on which a man of immense learning like Dr. E. K. Chambers is in doubt.

Dr. Greg begins his paper with an attempt — the first so far as he is, or we are, aware — to state the general practice of the early seventeenth century with regard to publication, and to determine the significance of the various forms of imprint. Three persons are concerned: the printer, the publisher, and the bookseller, of whom the publisher owned the right in the copy, the printer printed it 'for' him, and the bookseller sold it. Dr. Greg picks his way nicely through the various forms of imprint, which vary because sometimes the printer or the bookseller owned the copy, and sometimes, as in older days, all three were one. The suspicious imprints become, in this light, very significant and interesting. For instance, the 'bad' quarto of *Romeo and Juliet* has for imprint solely: 'London, printed by John Danter, 1597.' The address where the book may be bought is withheld, and Danter was a printer, not, like Cuthbert Burby, a bookseller, whose address would be well known.

This examination of the publishing practice and of the true meaning and method of registration of title with the Stationer's Company leads Dr. Greg to the flight of fancy which we mentioned: the story of what might have happened about the publication and printing of the First Folio. It is too complex a tale to be summarized; but it is a tale into which all the many people concerned and all the known details fit very nicely. Old William Jaggard and Edward Blount were the moving spirits; but Jaggard died between the completion of the body of the printing and the setting-up of the title-page; and the plays were completely printed and old Jaggard dead before November 8, the day on which Isaac Jaggard registered the book with the Stationers. Dr. Greg also gives his reasons for thinking that the edition printed must have numbered not less than 750 copies.

Last in the book comes Mr. Allardyce Nicoll's paper on the editors of Shakespeare, from the First Folio to Malone. The first editor of Shakespeare, according to Mr. Nicoll, was the classical scholar who in the Second Folio corrected some of the most elementary errors in the First Folio, and deserved well of his time. From him Mr. Nicoll passes to the very interesting question of the *Macbeth* which is called after D'Avenant. His examination of this text leads him to suggest that the text of *Macbeth* which the author of this alteration had before him was a prompt-copy of the early seventeenth century; and that, with other evidence, emboldens him to ask whether, after all, *Macbeth* borrowed from *The Witch* or *The Witch* from *Macbeth*. Tracing the passage of the editing of Shakespeare through the actors and the men of letters to the scholars, Mr. Nicoll leaves us feeling, as do Mr. Dover Wilson and other writers in this book, that we are, indeed, still only on the threshold of the new methods of Shakespeare study, and that very much more is still to be hoped from them.

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